In This Issue

VOLUME 151 JANUARY 2, 1929 NUMBER 1

Looking Forward 1

Gramercy Park, Metropolitan Tower, Snow 2
Etching by FREDERICK T. WEBER

Articles

Youthful Killers 3
By MILTON MACKAYE

The King Who Would Be King . 7
By T. R. YBARRA

Things That Irritate Me . . 8
By GREGORY MASON

What Will Hoover Do? . . . 22
By RAY T. TUCKER

The World This Week

Preparedness 12
Dry Merger 12
Vestris Report 13
By-Products of Murder . . . 13
Mars Again 13
Pre-History in Mesopotamia . . 14
The Earth Creeps 14
Reserved for Americans . . . 14
"Murder and Thievery" . . . 15
Judging the Future by the Past 15
Power and the People . . . 16
Health Versus Publicity . . 16
Convalescence in Europe . . 17
Diamonds in Our Back Yards . 17
A Long-Legged Invasion . . . 17
Football's Handmaiden . . . 18
Variation on a Theme . . . 18
Law and the Woman Worker . 18
Back Stage in Washington . . 19

Editorial

What of This Giant's Future? . 20

Departments

From the Life 10
By IBBY HALL

The Theatre 11
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 21
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"—If You Know What I Mean" . 25
By WALTON MORTON

Sport 26
By HERBERT REED

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 27
By W. R. BROOKS

Music 34
By EUGENE BONNER

Financial 36
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

Children's Story 38
By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS 28
Reviews by The Editor, E. M. BENSON, EDMUND B. CHAFFEE, AMOS N. WILDER *and* J. DANA TASKER

Readers and Writers . . . 31
By ERNEST BOYD

Picked at Random 32
By WALTER R. BROOKS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher-Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PARKHURST WHITNEY WALTER R. BROOKS ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS HAROLD T. PULSIFER FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
RICHARD E. DANIELSON STEWART BEACH CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON HELEN W. CHANDLER

WILLIAM L. ETTINGER, JR., Advertising Manager
WILLIAM A. GREVERS, Circulation Manager

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, January 2, 1929, Volume 151, Number 1. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by The Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

It is an unfortunate thing that in the public mind, in this country, the whole question of "law enforcement" has become associated with the enforcement, merely, of the Volstead Act. For how to protect organized society against the criminal is a problem that grows increasingly serious with every passing month.

It is particularly serious in the larger cities, just now—as witness Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. And, due to the automobile, it is only a question of time before it becomes a real problem in every small town, and finally upon the countryside. Already, few of us care to stop our cars at night, on country roads, at signals from strangers. And those of us who live in the country view with increasing suspicion strangers who alight from automobiles and knock upon our doors after dark.

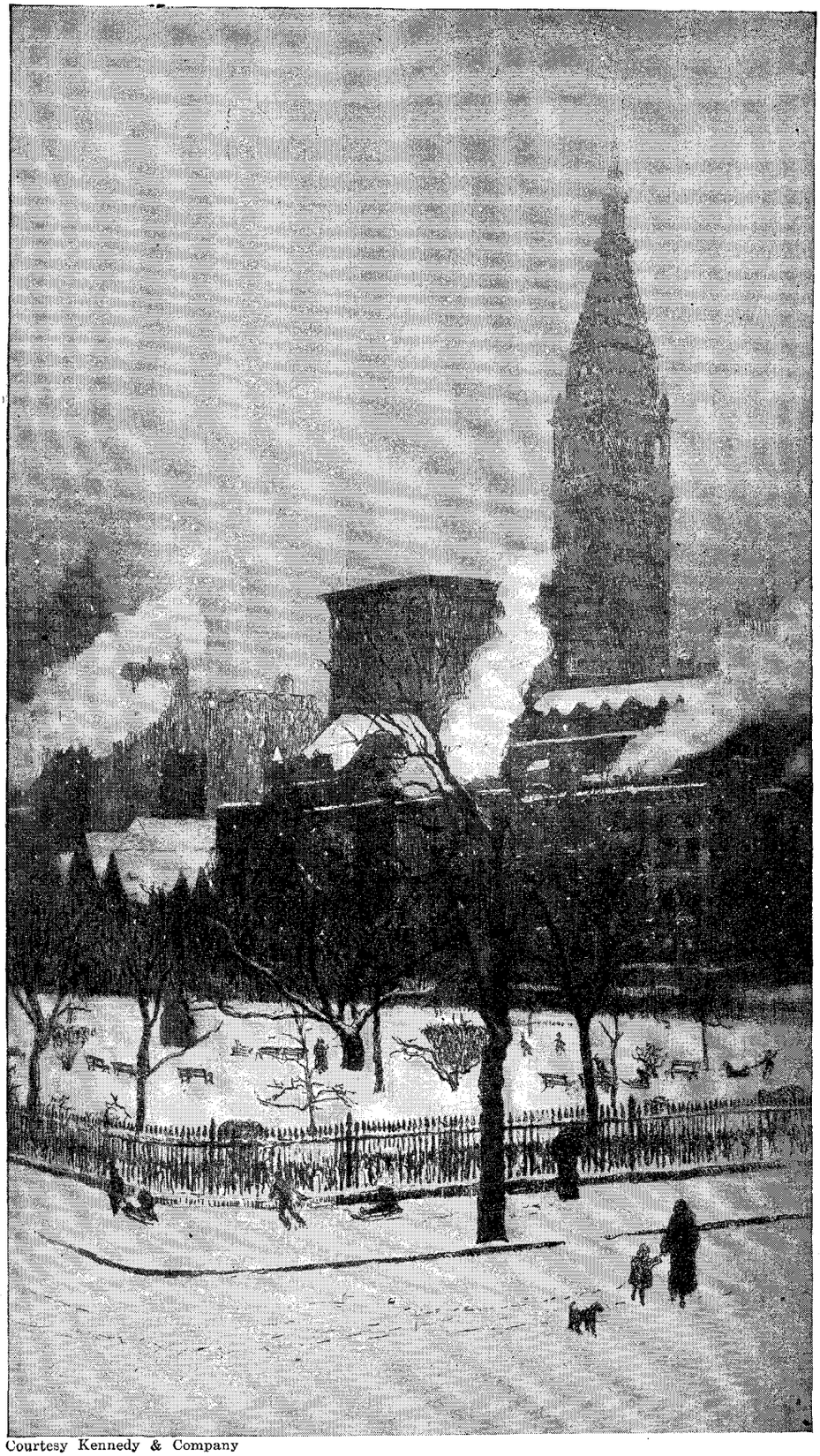
In this issue Mr. MacKaye deals with one aspect of this situation—our youthful killers. But the whole problem is much bigger. It involves the new underworld created in the last ten years, the reorganization of our police and detective forces, the question of political control, the delays and red tape of our legal procedure, the calibre and inexperience of many of our judges, and the whole attitude of high class lawyers toward the practice of criminal law.

Articles illuminating this whole situation and pointing the way to necessary changes in our point of view, and in our methods of protection and reprisal will be one of the features in the Outlook and Independent during the coming months.

Meanwhile we are of the opinion that readers of this journal can do nothing more genuinely conducive to better citizenship than to make themselves familiar with the conditions which the police and the authorities actually face in their own local community.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Kennedy & Company

GRAMERCY PARK, METROPOLITAN TOWER, SNOW
Etching by Frederick T. Weber

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Outlook
and Independent
January 2, 1929

Youthful Killers

By MILTON MACKAYE

This study of youthful killers poses two questions which a progressive society—if it would deserve that label—must attempt to answer in the near future. Just how effective is capital punishment as a preventive of crime? And how can we bring all the operations of the law—police courts and prisons—into a more intelligent accord with our increasing knowledge of the mind of man? Mr. MacKaye is a newspaper man and the author of a forthcoming book "Dramatic Crimes"

IT was a bright California morning. The sunshine streamed in striped patterns through the barred prison windows as William Edward Hickman walked down a long corridor and was ushered, almost pushed, into a glaring-white room. There were those who were there to watch and they hoped, as they heard his footsteps, that bravado would carry him through. Thirteen steps he must ascend. Hickman hitched his new black suit as the Litany for the Dying began. Nine steps he managed with a fixed smile on his face. Then came the tenth. He hesitated, although his responses still were audible. He stopped and the guards pulled stubbornly on. He stood at the gallows. A moment of silence with only the drone of the Litany to break the silence. The black cap was adjusted and the boy was alone with his fear. A moment more. Hickman fainted as the trap dropped and his elbow cracked smartly against timber as the limp body plunged downward. His neck was not broken. Hickman died strangling.

Hickman's death was not a State's revenge, but society's warning. Thus warned, thus deterred from crime, two young men drove along an inconspicuous side street in Atlanta, Georgia. It was October there, too. The car moved on slowly, aimlessly, and behind the slickly painted dash, two bareheaded young men talked over plans for the evening.

Four hours later an automobile drew up and stopped before a half-darkened grocery store. A young man slid out to the street and fingered the butt of a pistol. He was gone awhile and then he came back, running. In the store there was the smell of smokeless powder and on the floor two men, one of them dead.

George Harsh and Richard Gray Gallogly, students at Oglethorpe University and sons of two prominent and wealthy families, were arrested for that undistinguished and obscure crime.

Not three weeks later there was on Staten Island, in New York Harbor, a killing which shocked newspaper readers. Alice Joost, fifteen-year-old daughter of a mother who worked by day in Manhattan, was found in a bedroom. Her throat was bound round by a green electric cord, her simple little dress was awry, and she was dead. Vincent Rice, handsome son of a minor city official, had been the "boy-friend" of Alice Joost. He was tall, strong and he wore his gray tweeds like a Yale or Princeton man. Rice was questioned and released. His story was straightforward. Yes, he knew Alice; but then, so did a lot of other boys. A light trench coat brought about his arrest. Several persons had seen that creamy-tan coat near the Joost home in the twilight that tragic afternoon. Vincent Rice was questioned again. He confessed.

Hickman was twenty when he died, a year after his crime. George Harsh was nineteen when he was arrested. Dick Gallogly was eighteen. Vincent Rice was seventeen.

There is something monstrous in the combination of immaturity and the power to kill. There is something monstrous in the histories of each of the nine or ten notorious boy killers of the last five years. Was Gordon Pirie, the New York lad who killed his chum with an axe "to see what it was like" inconceivably callous or was he unable to realize what murder meant? What about Roland McDonald, the Maine choir boy who saw his school teacher coming down the street and, for no reason at all, decided to shoot her?

Harrison Noel, the New Jersey lawyer's son, was graduated with honors from high school at seventeen. Alienists, however, found a reason for his murder of a little girl and the negro chauffeur of a taxicab. Noel was a victim of katatonic dementia præcox. Frank McDowell, twenty, burned his two sisters to death and exactly a year later shot and killed his father and mother, but a Florida jury believed that he was counterfeiting insanity when he explained that the deeds were his penance for cursing the Holy Ghost.

The list goes miserably on—Loeb and Leopold, the Chicago millionaires' sons and precocious college students who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

killed a boy as an experiment; William Cavalier, the fourteen-year-old who murdered his grandmother; Lester Gerstenberg and many more.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? What virus has infected the young and produced this appalling casualty list? There is something inexplicable to the lay mind in their very methods of murder, the unhealthy color of their violence. For though there has always been juvenile delinquency, it is only within recent years that the bewildered police have been knowingly faced with the problem of the youthful psychopath.

Is it nonsense after all that the moralists have been talking in their strictures against a "jazz generation?" The most of us are heartily sick of the phrase and disbelieving, too; but with each fresh outbreak of diseased violence our cocksureness becomes a little less dogmatic, our denials less profuse. We heard nothing of the problem of the adolescent through the serene days of Victorianism, and we wonder if the problem was merely ignored or if a machine age has created out of its own cloth a new social riddle to be answered.

When we go to the scientists, humbly enough and hopeful, we get not one answer but many. What one scientist offers in sweeping assurance, another waves aside with equal dispatch. You pay your money and take your choice, or else you stand in indecision and vague alarm, stunned by this confusion of infallibility.

Dr. Max Schlapp, the most eminent of the endocrinologists and a clinical student for years of the delinquent, tells the reader this in his posthumous work, "The New Criminology:"

"Any man moderately familiar with the indica of mental and nervous disorders will find playing at every street corner in the modern city the ultimate tragedy of the race. He has but to stand and watch the passing crowd. In the gait and posture of his mortal brothers, in the eccentricities of carriage, the shapes of faces, the gape of mouths, the faulty play of muscles, the empty merriment or dull imperturbability of countenances, he will read the ruin of stocks and sense the sundown of peoples. . . .

"Few can watch this promenade of spectres with composure. Indeed, only the ignorant can survey the modern crowd with equanimity, for he who sees what passes today and knows what was yesterday also understands that this thing before him is a growing disaster."

But these words, by their very positiveness, raise a note of doubt. One feels, with a bow to Dr. Schlapp's pioneering and first-hand experience, that it is impossible to go with him all the way. "The ruin of stocks, the sundown of peoples"—that seems an unjustified generalization, for no true average can be struck if the psycopath is to serve as a mean. There arises also an unwillingness to admit the accuracy of his diagnosis of the ills of the era. Dr. Schlapp asserts—no, declares—that the inability of woman to adapt herself to industrialism is responsible for the unfitness of her progeny, and that the increasing departure of woman from her "natural sphere" foreshadows an ever-increasing abnormality among the young.

Pushing up from the sober humility of the seeker after knowledge comes the not unpleasant thought that the human race has been adjusting itself to even more sweeping changes since the dawn of time, and that it is just within the realm of possibility that it can somehow, in some way, stumble through another with a reasonable degree of success.

AND SO one turns elsewhere and finds Dr. A. A. Brill, one of the most brilliant and widely recognized of the nation's psychiatrists, taking the unqualified position that the machine age is nothing but a bogey—that industrialism has, in the words of Gilbert and Sullivan, nothing to do with the case.

Moving on once more, there is Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, another eminent neurologist, who calls a halt on all generalizations and holds out for individual examination of every case without any attempt at mathematical cataloguing. Dr. Brill's summing-up, his analysis of what seems to many of us to be an unprecedented situation, will be taken up in further detail, but neither his statement nor the statement of any other scientist is needed to establish that the crimes of George Harsh and Vincent Rice were not those of normal boys.

Why did George Harsh, well connected, well supplied with pocket money, well able to get more money if he needed it, hold up an out-of-the-way grocery store for the petty cash in its till? Why did this university student rob a small pharmacy like an incorrigible slum youngster just out of reform school? He murdered two men within ten days and might have murdered others if he had not, with an incredible stroke of luck, been caught. Why?

George Harsh gave his reason. When, still uncertain that they had captured the right man, the police took him down to the Atlanta headquarters, when he had implicated Dick Gallogly, (Gallogly has never admitted guilt), Harsh said that he and his chum had taken up robbery "for the thrill"!

For a thrill he had gambled with his liberty, had staked position and all his friendships, his very life against the not-too-certain possibility of drawing a handful of dollars from the lottery of crime. For the excitement of playing tag with the law he had given up the peace of security. For fun, or to escape the consequences of his fun, he orphaned two families. For a thrill—there is something infantile, something sick, about a mind which manœuvres so blindly.

GEORGE HARSH, "Junie" they called him at the fraternity house where he was a pledge, had every advantage from boyhood. His dead father had been a wealthy Milwaukee shoe manufacturer and George was one of the heirs to an estate placed by some of his family's friends at $3,000,000.

Dick Gallogly, through his family, had social position of equal distinction. His father, Colonel James A. Gallogly, is a retired Army officer and attorney who made a fortune in steel stocks. His mother, remarried and making her home in Atlanta, is the wife of a prominent physician and daughter of the late James A. Gray, who was one of the city's best known lawyers.

No taint of ancestry there to excuse either, no more taint than there had been in the case of either Leopold or Loeb. George Harsh and Dick Gallogly came of genuinely intelligent people and, if newspaper accounts are correct, should have inherited the best of natural mental equipment. Harsh was known on the campus as a rather diffident, perhaps a snobbish boy. Gallogly was one of his few friends; he did not associate intimately with the general run of students. Gallogly was more frank and candid, better liked. He was known to be a little reckless; there were several escapades registered against him that the psychiatrists even now are reviving in an effort to study his case. He had been under investigation in connection with a long series of false fire alarms which he was ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cused of turning in "just to see the engines run." There were several campus stories, that, like the fire alarm report, may mean much or little, which involved him and Harsh. They were stories of daring, of efforts of each to stun the other with his bravado, of challenges which sent them, as on one evening, to drive into the Chattahoochee River at midnight.

Yet there was nothing definitely to mark the two as set apart from the ordinary, if heedless, run of young men. Both were more than ordinarily good looking, Harsh with a well shaped and barbered head, bold eyes and handsome nose, Gallogly with a heavier cast of countenance, long sleek hair and a tall brow. In their tweeds and their careless topcoats they looked what every one assumed them to be—clean-cut, well-dressed college boys.

Contrary to first report, neither was a particularly shining student in college classes. They took "snap courses"—the country club student's curriculum—a little French, a little journalism and literature. Perhaps an interesting, if not important, light on Harsh's interests is reflected by his preoccupation with criminal histories, new and old. He wrote, for a journalism thesis, a brilliant, almost uncanny analysis of the Loeb-Leopold case.

HERE THEN, we have two boys who might well have grown up, despite their earlier scapegrace adventures, to be normal well-to-do men. Both lived in luxurious homes and could have been expected to go on living in them—starting into business, playing a little golf and bridge, marrying.

And yet today they are in the Atlanta jail awaiting trial, sitting in shamed silence while vast plans for their defense go forward. Something happened to steer into shadowed channels the normal course of their lives.

Insane? That is a matter for the alienist to work out. Evidently theirs were not cases of dementia præcox. The præcox, as any competent alienist will tell you, works alone. In all the thousands of cases he had studied, Dr. Brill told this writer, he has never known one where præcoxes combined. That is the reason one never hears of mutiny, of concerted rebellion, in an asylum for the insane. Maniacs rarely, almost never, form alliances. Each, solitary as a man on a hillside, is in revolt against the world, and the world is in conspiracy to beleaguer him.

Something happened to set the faces of Harsh and Gallogly toward confused and sanguine horizons. For on the night of October 5, in Gallogly's motor car, they set out as they might to hunt a roadhouse. Harsh in his confession said it was then that the idea of a hold-up first occurred to stir their pulses. They were, he added, drunk, and for a while they drove wandering around the various side streets.

IT GREW DARKER. Gallogly turned on his lights and still drove with an aimless hand. Both smoked cigarette after cigarette, intent on the high sport before them. The Ivy drug store, near the campus of Emory University, was to see the first depredation. It was a small shop and with motor silent and headlights pointed toward its narrow windows Harsh waited until the shop was empty before he edged out of the motor car and entered. With one quick and breathless glance up and down the street he entered the drug store.

"I am robbing this place," the boy said huskily as the proprietor came forward. Harsh produced his gun. It was all over in a minute. The proprietor, business-like even in a moment of stress, rang the "no sale" key and stripped his cash register clean. Harsh backed out and then ran. The motor roared, the car started with a jerk, took on speed, wheeled on a corner and then was gone.

Another robbery was committed that same night, Harsh said in his confession. He held up a little lunchroom in the same neighborhood and the night's spoils totaled $52.

The next night the boys again were drunk, Harsh told police, and the work was bolder. Always, he said, Gallogly waited in the car while he staged the holdup. Two drug stores were visited first and netted $165. Then, still searching for that big thrill, Harsh daringly entered a well-lighted barber-shop where several patrons were waiting. In a moment he had them all with their arms aloft and walked away with $12 more.

It was growing late when the motor car returned again to the neighborhood. Harsh confessed that he had singled out an Atlantic and Pacific grocery store for the evening's final coup and counted on generous loot because Saturday is a day of heavy business. Several persons were at the counters when Harsh entered. There was trouble; Samuel H. Meek, the clerk, was more valorous than wise. It was a dangerous moment for Harsh. When Meek resisted, the college boy pulled the trigger. At once, L. V. Ellis, manager of the store, produced a gun. Harsh backed away under the manager's broadside but fired back. It was a duel at close range and Ellis was wounded twice. Ellis recovered. Meek died of his wounds.

The search for a thrill, the cheap larceny of small stores, had ended in murder. Harsh was a killer now.

Ten days later the piracy was resumed—and concluded. The series of robberies, the report that a famous Alabama bandit was in town, had alarmed storekeepers and when Harsh with a crisp order of "Stick 'em up" entered a pharmacy on Northern Boulevard there was a loaded gun waiting for him. But Harsh, drunk or sober, was too quick for Willard Smith, the store's manager, a young man only slightly older than Harsh himself. Harsh fired first and fired fast. Smith fell, still conscious, under a rain of bullets. His clerk dodged behind showcases and went to his knees.

Harsh was running for freedom now, but Smith, almost unconscious of the growing stain on his white coat, raised himself on his elbow and fired. Harsh was hit. Willard Smith died two days later, but he had placed on the college boy's hip the trademark that was to identify him as a slayer and a vandal.

Harsh told a partially true story to friends on the night of the last murder and enlisted their help in getting him a doctor. He had, he said, been hurt in a friendly scuffle for a gun. Harsh got the doctor but the story of his escapade got around, and with the news of the hold-up still fresh in the public mind, it aroused careful police inquiry. In the apartment of one of Harsh's friends, searched while the owner was at business, Detective Lowe found the trousers that Harsh had worn on October 16. There was, on the right hip, a clean bullet hole.

"I KNOW, it is my own personal knowledge, that no parents ever raised their children with more care," said District Attorney Fach at borough headquarters on Staten Island. And yet Vincent, six-foot son of the Rice family, killed fifteen-year-old Alice Joost, strangled her with the cord of an electric iron. Why?

Vincent Rice is seventeen and physically developed beyond his years. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looks like a college student, has a calm, serious face and deep, curiously troubled eyes. He once was an altar-boy in St. Peter's Church at Port Richmond and it was only within the last year that his family noticed a growing sullenness in him and a stubborn desire to "make his own way."

THREE WEEKS before the crime he quarreled with Alice Joost, just then at the age when she had first begun going to parties with boy companions. Theirs was so new a romance that Rice's parents did not even know the girl. The quarrel was what appeared to be a harmless spat between youngsters. Alice smoked a cigarette and spent an evening at a party talking gayly with other young men. Rice was jealous, angry. He stalked home alone. For days there was no communication, but emissaries from Alice finally came to Vincent and asked him to "make up." He agreed.

The girl did not appear for the engagement they had made to meet at a theatre. That disturbed Rice. For two days he did not appear at home. He took the ferry to Manhattan and spent the time roaming the streets. He slept, a tragic actor in his imagination's little drama, huddled up in a subway station.

On the third morning after the broken engagement, his confession says, he conceived the idea of going to the Joost home before Alice departed for high school. Still wearing the tan trench coat in which he had slept, he arrived at Alice's door at seven o'clock. Her mother had been away the night before; the girl was alone in the house.

All day long the boy and the girl stayed there alone. Doubtless there was the guilty pleasure of a clandestine meeting, the excitement of just the two of them secretly there and the long prospect of a whole morning and afternoon together. They talked and read and sang. The first bitter words had been said and forgotten and, in Alice's mind at least, they were reconciled once more.

Noon came and Alice sent to the home of her aunt nearby and asked that her little cousins bring over soup for luncheon. They came and Rice hid in the kitchen until the youngsters, pennies in their fists, were gone. Then the two of them, laughing at their cleverness, had soup and tea and toast and sat at the dining table with Alice playing hostess.

During the afternoon Alice played the piano while Rice turned the leaves of the music and sang. They tired of music and then, somehow, the old quarrel was revived. What happened now no one will fully know. Here are Rice's stilted words in the confession

"Just before dusk she approached me with an embrace. I protested against this. Finally I stood between the bedroom and the living room. . . . The deceased approached me again by putting her arms around me and said, 'Come on, and be a sport.' I did not like that. I became angry and struck her a blow on the forehead with my clenched fist. This precipitated her to the floor, causing her to strike her head against the dresser.

"In so doing a wound was inflicted which bled very freely. I became frightened. I did not know whether she was dead or alive. I moved back and forth in the apartment going through the dining room and kitchen several times. I saw an electric cable or cord used for an electric iron. I seized it, went back into the bedroom and as she lay with her face downward I wound the cord about her neck about three or four times. Then I tied the end to the leg of the chair. I then threw pillows and blankets on her body. I can offer no explanation except that my mind was entirely blank."

That is Rice's story, a story that is as mechanical as a phonograph record. He can offer no explanation. His regret when arrested was not for his crime—that seemed like a dim picture he had watched in a theatre—but for the distress he had caused his father.*

A QUEER REACTION. A queer case. Vincent Rice killed a girl and he didn't really know why. An alienist of vast experience makes this comment: "That was not the reaction of a healthy mind. A normal person, the passion of the moment dispersed, would and could have done one of only two things. The first impulse would have been to revive her, the second to run away. The impulses might have been reversed in their order but, and this is not theory or supposition, but psychological fact, there could have been for the normal boy only those two compulsions."

*Editors Note: Since this was written, Vincent Rice has been allowed to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, which carries with it a prison sentence of from twenty years to life. Alienists who examined the boy expressed the opinion that his act was committed under the impulsive terror of intimacy with girls—probably the effect of a too intensive religious training on a backward mind and a subnormal sexual instinct.

This writer has not interviewed Rice; he does not know whether the Staten Island altar boy is sane or insane. But he does know the reaction of a dementia præcox victim under similar circumstances.

The præcox, once the idea of death has been suggested to him, is powerless to refrain from carrying it through. Fifty weeks out of the year he may be as harmless and as amiable as a church warden, but, when the dark inspiration comes the murder lust sets his pulses throbbing like an adrenalin injection, and with eager, bright pleasure he sets about his lethal task. He cannot stop until he is through.

Three boys—George Harsh, Richard Gallogly, Vincent Rice. Three others—Loeb and Leopold and William Edward Hickman, whose death under capital punishment was to deter youth from crime.

What happened in the brief period of their transition from knickerbockers and jack knives to long trousers and love affairs? What set them aside from the rest of us; what made them moral anarchists in an age of intensive environmental government?

FOR ONE THING, a Great War swept across three continents. So eminent an investigator as Dr. Brill, a scientist who is a firm believer in the unchanging dimension of human emotions, told the writer in an interview that the psychological effects of the World War will not wear off for at least another fifty years.

"Such a catastrophe, an interlude when inhibitions are voluntarily and universally swept aside," he said, "may cause a temporary increase of crime. And ten years ago, so far as the mind of this generation is concerned, is only yesterday.

"Take away an inhibition from an emotion and you have crime. Society through the centuries has built up codes of behavior for its own protection. Emotions have not changed, do not change. Every child is a little criminal. He becomes law-abiding only when we have grafted inhibitions— 'do nots'—upon his impressionable mind."

Thus, Dr. Brill pointed out, in frontier days when there was a shotgun in every household and pioneer life was hourly precarious, human life was held more cheaply than it is today. It might be entirely normal under such an

(*Please Turn to Page 33*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The King Who Would Be King

By T. R. YBARRA

IT CERTAINLY hasn't been all roses for King Amanullah of Afghanistan and Queen Suriya, his royal consort, in their self-imposed task of Westernizing their remote and mountainous Asiatic realm. Having had a glorious time on their visit to Europe, Amanullah and the fair Suriya decided that the Afghans must forthwith look and act and think just like Europeans.

"Afghan women must no longer live in seclusion!" said the Queen—whereupon Afghan women, inexpressibly shocked, crawled into deeper seclusion than ever. "Afghan men must discard turbans and wear hats!" decreed Amanullah—whereupon Afghan men, immeasurably outraged, spat on the ground, picked up rifles and started a revolution against Amanullah.

All of which reminds those who were in Europe when Amanullah, his consort and their glittering retinue were touring that continent a year or so ago of many amusing incidents.

Amanullah went to Europe officially as a reigning monarch—not for him the modest camouflage of an incognito! It was as the King of Afghanistan that he presented himself in Paris and Berlin and London and as such he had to be received—which means that he put European Governments to an immense amount of bother and caused many a French, German and British oath to be ground between the teeth of many a bowing and apparently overjoyed French, German and British Foreign Office official.

For there is nothing casual about a King who won't travel incog. In Paris, Poincaré or Doumergue or Briand had to dash madly over to the railway station at which Amanullah arrived or to the one from which he left. Also they had to attend banquets and become involved in a dozen kinds of assorted fuss. And this for a king ruling over a land which nobody knew or cared about!

To complicate matters even more, Amanullah, having had his grand Paris reception and having been bowed out of town by squads of polite French officials, suddenly doubled on his tracks and came back again, to spend a few more days in the delightful city on the Seine. The feelings of the reception committee, unexpectedly awakened from a sound sleep by this second alarm, may be imagined!

Then Amanullah went to Germany. A platoon of German officials journeyed all the way from Berlin to the Swiss frontier, to do the preliminary heel-clicking and hat-doffing.

"Where the dickens shall we put him?" the German Government had been muttering for weeks before the royal arrival. Finally it remembered that there was a nice palace belonging to one of the Hohenzollerns, standing empty. So the Hohenzollern was

Wide World

AFGHANISTAN COMES TO LONDON

King Amanullah and Queen Suriya who refused to visit Europe incognito

aroused from dreams of departed grandeur; a cash instalment on the rent was paid him, he handed the front door key of his palace to the German Government and—after a whole troupe of carpenters and painters and plumbers had done a rush job getting the palace into shape—Amanullah and Suriya and their dark-skinned retinue were driven in grand state to their Berlin residence.

"Come around to lunch," said Hindenburg affably.

They did. And they came to dinner. Hindenburg was also there. And they went to another banquet. Hindenburg did, too. And they gave a banquet in return for all these festivities. Hindenburg was present, in fact, he was always there. Strenuous days for Hindenburg. He was eighty-one years old when Amanullah hit Berlin; when the Afghan monarch departed a couple of weeks later Hindenburg looked ninety.

All the while England was watching Amanullah with a watchful eye. For she knew well that it behooved her to outdo all the other European nations in her welcome to him, since Afghanistan borders on British India and British influence must needs be kept at high pressure among the turbulent Afghan tribesmen. So when King Amanullah and Queen Suriya arrived in London there was a tremendous fanfare of trumpets and pounding of drums, waving of banners and stretching out of royal, ducal and lesser hands in the direction of the Afghan ruler's paw.

After happy days in London—happy, that is, for him—Amanullah departed for his far-away realm. To the considerable annoyance of his British hosts—he elected to return via Soviet Russia.

"Well, did you ever!" growled the Britons. "Do you suppose he is whispering a lot of secrets about England into the ears of the Bolsheviki?" For it must be remembered that Russia lies to the north of Afghanistan, just as British India borders it to the south, and the Bolsheviki are popularly supposed in London to be exporting enormous consignments of Bolshevik propaganda of the most anti-British brand to Afghanistan.

Eventually, however, Amanullah, his Queen and his suite, departed for Kabul, their capital.

"Whew!" said the Bolsheviki, wiping perspiring brows. "Thank goodness!" said Berlin and Paris and London.

And, despite the fact that one would naturally suppose London and Paris and Berlin to be on the side of Amanullah in the campaign to Europeanize his Afghanistan, one cannot help suspecting that those Europeans who had to get up early and meet Amanullah's train or rush about hiring palaces for him, or seat him at this banquet, or greet him at that—all because he refused to travel through Europe incog!—are indulging nowadays, along with the Afghan rebels, in wild shrieks of "Down with Amanullah!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Things That Irritate Me

By GREGORY MASON

Now and then Mr. Mason drops his archaeological researches among the Mayan remains in Yucatan for a few months in the United States. During his latest visit we asked him to set down a list of the things which irritate him coming from a primitive, simplified life to a sophisticated, complex one. This article is the result

AFTER I have been in the jungle four or five months I begin to be conscious of a faint yearning for some of the things of civilization. It is the little things that count; and fellow explorers of the tropics whom I have questioned agree that what one commences to crave after one hundred days in the bush is not limousines and love but pie and pipe cleaners.

Alas, I am cursed with a congenital perversity. I have been back in "God's Country" hardly two weeks when the edge begins to go from the cool contrast that New York in July offers to the unrelenting weight of June heat in the Gautemalan lowlands. Four or five plates of ice cream daily for fourteen days dull the zest with which one falls upon this dish—perhaps the noblest invention of man since he left his Paleolithic cave. And, unfortunately, a pipe permanently clean dims one's appreciation of pipe cleaners.

Then it is, after only a fortnight of unaccustomed luxury, that I begin to be conscious of things that irritate me. Unlike the new appreciation of unaccustomed delights just mentioned this succeeding feeling of annoyance does not taper off; I can put up with it, of course, but the only sure way to end it is to go back to the bush.

The things that irritate me in this white man's civilization which we have in the United States are myriad. They range in bulk from automobiles to neckties, and in sociological importance from weddings to clam chowder. The fact that I am annoyed is of no material consequence. But I believe that millions of others are similarly suffering, more often unconsciously than consciously. The annoyances are perhaps sharper to me because I view them with the contrasted simplicity of the jungle in mind. And because I hope that some of these nuisances may be abated if they are openly faced, I am glad to take advantage of this opportunity to enumerate some of the things that irritate me.

Clam chowder has just been mentioned. Other commentators have already observed that neither a good clam chowder nor a good fish chowder can be obtained outside of New England, nor more than forty or fifty miles south of Boston. Elsewhere water is substituted for milk, seasoning is skimped, and the result is a half liquid vegetable mess in which the original sea food flavor is virtually extinct. I am alluding here, however, not to the fact that the only good soup dish produced by American chefs is so limited in availability, but to another deplorable fact connected with chowder, which I have never seen recorded in print. This is the fact that if one would eat *soup* in any of the cheaper restaurants of our Eastern cities on *Friday,* one is forced to eat *chowder.* No other soup is to be had. To me, this alone was sufficient reason for voting against Al Smith, and if that be religious prejudice make the most of it!

Speaking of fish, one of the greatest needs of the United States is a good school of fish cookery. Not only are our countrymen centuries behind the French and Japanese in this matter; it is fair to say that Americans have not the faintest conception of how to cook a fish. The dark succulence of mackerel and salmon, the flaky lightness of flounder, the rich juiciness of a Cape Cod blue, all these delights are lost by ninety-nine per cent of our housewives, who see in all such food only one gustatory sensation, fish; generally fried fish. And when I recall what a Carib woman can do with an eel, or a Maya maid with a few segments of octopus!

What atavistic fear, what forgotten inhibition, lies behind the American woman's dislike of fish? Too much Colonial cod? Maybe.

IF THE sameness of fish is a bore, so is the ubiquitousness of coffee. In our cheaper restaurants—with which I am not ashamed to admit a considerable familiarity—coffee is as much taken for granted as God or the iceman. Ask a waiter for ham and eggs and tea, and you'll get ham and eggs and coffee. Ask for baked beans and a glass of milk, and you'll get baked beans and coffee. Ask for no liquid at all, and you'll get coffee. Your remark that you don't want it will be received with a look of incredulity. Java is the drink of America. A fact, however, which probably has little to do with our rising crime rate and the prevalence of disordered nerves.

The general subject of alimentation recalls *hash brown potatoes.* Isn't the American language a fearful thing? One could respect *hashed brown potatoes*—which it is only fair to say one sometimes meets—or *hashed, brown potatoes,* or *brown potato hash.* But *hash brown potatoes*—shades of William Dean Howells, who doted on meticulous English and *hash brown potatoes! Station's stop* is another thing that makes me shudder. "The next station's stop is Booneville." I want to ask, "What was the last station's move?" But no use. I have waited nearly forty years to hear a brakeman shout, "The next stop is Booneville," or "The next station is Booneville." No, "The next station's stop is Booneville," and will be till the British take us. Only in the jungle, in truth, is one safe from such gaucheries.

AT ANY RATE, brakemen are horny handed and shave their necks, wherefore such a solecism has a pleasant savor of the soil. So much cannot be said for a much commoner atrocity upon the King's English—the use of *either* for *each.* "On either side of the road lay a broad meadow," and "in either hand she carried a geranium." That is to say that there were two meadows and two geraniums. But it isn't said. What *is* said is nonsense. *Either* properly means one of two things, but not both of them. To use *either* when you mean *each* is to destroy the special significance of an ancient and very useful word. I am aware that *either* is so used by Conrad, Galsworthy and by a host of able writers, including the editors of the Outlook and Independent, yet I protest that a million wrongs do not make a right, although they may make a rite, in this case a cult of vagueness. In the bush, where men talk to be understood, and take no pains to give a false

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literary flavor to their utterances, you do not have to observe the daily murder of *either*.

Why are so many illustrious business men on paper never more than very truly yours? In the club and on the street they "Old Man" you and encourage you to "Old Man" them, but just dare to write to them at their offices about anything—even something personal and unrelated to business, and invariably you find them very truly yours. It is maddening. It is insulting to the most egregious degree. It makes you want to rush to their offices with a knife or a gun, but you realize in time that it would be of no use. For if you killed off all the business men, still there would be the stenographers very truly yours. And what could be more insulting than that! One suspects, by the way, that the stenographers are largely responsible for this frigid state of our commercial correspondence. American men of trade might profit by heeding the example of their Latin brothers, and give more attention to the preliminary and closing flourishes in the letters they dictate.

Clinging jerseys on fat women irritate me. So does the spectacle of thousands of women in pink hats and brown skirts. So do dirty, gnarled, piebald or spavined knees. So does powdering and rouging in public. But what's the use? Half the males in America have protested against this last offense to their illusions, and the custom grows apace. It will never be stopped unless the United States develops the fifteen million wife beaters which an old hermit hunter of the Connecticut woods tells me is our country's greatest need.

PARK BENCHES divided by metal arms which prevent one from assuming a prone position no matter how deserted may be the park, are the symbols of a civilization essentially cruel, a civilization which fosters the seeds of its own impending destruction. Telephones are annoying, of course, being much more bother than they are worth, like most of our so-called modern improvements. Take watches, for example. What is a watch but a jailer in the pocket? Naturally I take a watch into the bush, usually two or three. But within a month at the most they are satisfactorily broken. A slip on a damp log, a fall on a wet surface of rock, from a tree or even from a horse and the thing is done. No more tyranny of time, except that imposed by sun or stomach.

Starched collars, you may be surprised to know, don't irritate me at all. I have not worn one in the day time for twenty years, and after dark on only 162 evenings out of the last 73,000. Such occasions are inevitably marked by dancing, aleatory amusement, the intake of exhilarating beverages—or all three of these happy features, and one can stand a stiff collar for a few hours with such palliatives.

POLITICIANS and political talkers are a pest hard to escape at certain seasons of the year. Yet some of the features of the game of politics may be very diverting. Take the case of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. The New York "Herald-Tribune" (*Republican*) has repeatedly published a photograph which makes the world's greatest female prohibition enforcement officer appear a handsome woman of twenty-eight. On the other hand, the New York "World" (*Democratic*) exhibits a portrait of this lady in which she looks like—well, keep the noun but double the figure and employ an antonym for the adjective.

Paper cups that crinkle and sag against the lip are simply contemptible. So is the following (from a sign in a railway car): "$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person attempting to 'beat,' defraud or break into cup vending machines. These machines are installed for Service to the Public, not for profit, and few pennies are allowed to remain in the machine between collections."

I should like to get my hands on the throat of the man who invented the faucet which won't emit water unless you hold it. And who can say a word for the subway turnstile? Especially the high ones with rows of hostile bars like a revolving jail such as may still be found in Boston and on the down town side of the I. R. T. Wall Street station in New York. To pass through one of these is no small feat of engineering for a man with a suitcase or large bundle in *each* (not *either!*) hand. Yet the chief objection to the turnstile is founded on psychological rather than physical factors. For the turnstile symbolizes all that horrible leveling of personality, all that sickeningly unnecessary restraint of individualism, which mars civilization in the United States.

I am afraid that the list of things which irritate me is interminable. Traffic lights, nudgers, breathers, people who keep repeating themselves. Bridge talkers, singers and hummers, people who cannot play a good card game as it should be played—with quiet devotion. The pompous vanity of most musicians and actors (but here is a strange thing—why are sculptors and painters as a class so much more simple and honest and kindly than addicts of the other arts?) Movies as they are today, and radio programs in their present state the quintessence of all that is banal and tawdry in our life.

Slip covers on card tables, curtains in windows, candles on dinner tables—these feminine gadgets are pestiferous. Slip covers catch cards which should be allowed to slide, and frequently upturn them, necessitating a new deal. There is no excuse for them, their only *raison d'être* is the feminine need to make simple things complicated and "decorative." Curtains catch dirt, hide flies and mosquitoes, flap into your face or upset adjacent vases of flowers when there is a wind. Above all, they partially defeat the sole purpose of windows, which is to admit light and air. They, too, are a splendid example of the feminine will to complicate the simple and to sacrifice comfort for decoration. Candles on a dinner table dazzle your eyes, and afflict your nostrils with the odor of cremated moths. Besides, they make you feel uneasy about your food, and while trying to maintain a polite conversation with your hostess you catch yourself stealing a downward glance in fear that a scorpion or two or a few cockroaches have sneaked into your rice and beans through the gloom.

PILLOWS are bad for the neck, and they cause dreams. They are dislikable, but what an abomination is the bolster, or "dead man" as we used to call it when we were children. Although not so common here as on the Continent this monstrosity still lurks in a good many American homes and hotels.

Both these institutions would go if we would abolish beds. But our climate, alas, forbids that. I say *alas,* for the man or woman who has not slept in a proper tropical hammock—not the mantraps of our summer porches—has never known real sleeping comfort. No bed can give that delicious sense of being held up through every inch of the body, permitting the sleeper to rest, as William Beebe says, "wholly relaxed, upon a couch encushioned and resilient beyond belief. He finds himself ex-

(*Please Turn to Page 35*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

The Voice

By IBBY HALL

A LITTLE boy of five in New York is still looking for Santa Claus. He is sure to recognize him by the sound of his voice, though he is curious to know what he looks like.

For although only five years old, the little boy made up his mind early in December that there were certain needs in life he could not very well live without. The principal one was a puppy. There were also certain toys that would make living a much more satisfactory affair. As far as he could see, however, his mother was doing very little about it. She had neither written nor telephoned nor sent a wireless message, and how was he to get his puppy if Santa Claus were not notified in time? Besides, there were all those other children to be looked after.

It was on a sunny afternoon, when all children should be out of doors anyway, that he decided to take the matter into his own hands. His mother, who lived in the northern part of the city, had decided to take her little boy to visit her sister, who lived several miles of city blocks to the south. They started off hand in hand. With the usual indifference of grown people, she did not notice her small boy's preoccupation with heavy thoughts. She never even dreamed that at five he was capable of sitting by her side in the subway, secretly plotting out the needs of his existence.

Nevertheless, she held on to him pretty firmly during the trip downtown. There was no chance of escape. But once arrived at his aunt's it was a different story. A good little boy would have very little attention paid to him, and this little boy was extraordinarily good. At the very first opportunity he slipped out of the door and on to the street, and was off.

At a safe distance from the house of his aunt, the little boy paused and drew a deep breath. He might be only five, and with short legs at that, but he was free—the city belonged to him. Moreover, he was quite confident that Santa Claus was lurking around the next corner.

But it seemed after a number of dashing sallies that the next corner became always the next corner. He was forced finally to pause and think it over.

It was not Santa Claus, but a large policeman in blue uniform who ended his quest at last with great rudeness and authority. At five one is still polite, and this one stated his case fairly and courteously, in answer to the questions put to him. He would like to find Santa Claus. He had a special message for him. No, he was sorry, but no one else could deliver it for him. He had to see Santa Claus himself.

IN RETURN for this truthfulness and politeness, he found himself taken firmly by the shoulder and marched to a strange and unpleasant looking building. There was nowhere about this building the faintest suggestion of Santa Claus. No hurrying crowds, no glittering windows, no sound of bells. But into this dreary looking place he was hauled along by the blue giant, and taken to a room that was anything but fancy. There was not a piece of holly or a Christmas tree or a reindeer in sight.

In this bare and uninviting looking room other giants surrounded him. At the mere mention of Santa Claus they all looked bored and cross. Then they began to ask endless, tiresome questions, such as what was his name? where did he live? and what was he doing?

The small boy looked around at those questioning faces with his lips closed tight and determinedly. Well, he had made up his mind now he wouldn't answer them. They could ask all the questions they liked. They had refused to help him find Santa Claus. He would in turn refuse to help them find himself. He didn't want to be found, not yet.

He was only five but he sat silently among the blue uniforms and felt his strength. They were not pleased with him; but he was not pleased with them. There was a look on their faces that he had seen grown people wear before—a look that said as plain as words, that they didn't know what to do about him, and were not particularly fond of him at the moment.

But suddenly there was a face that caught his eye. It was an engaging face and a friendly one. This man looked as though he were really interested in matters of importance. He came nearer to the boy.

"Do you really want to find Santa Claus?" he asked, sympathetically. "Would you like to speak to him yourself?"

The small boy nodded but wouldn't trust himself to open his mouth.

"Well," went on the new friend, "I think maybe I can arrange it. I know his telephone number. Perhaps I can get him for you on the wire."

A telephone was produced from somewhere and handed to him. The receiver was off the hook.

"Here he is," said the new friend, cheerfully. "All you have to do now is tell him what you want for Christmas." Still doubtfully the small boy accepted the receiver, and held it to his ear.

And lo! it was the voice of Santa Claus!

"Now tell me what it is you want," came the kindly voice, with just a touch of Irish in it, "and I'll see to it that you'll be getting it at Christmas."

The five-year-old heart leapt to unburden itself. With a long-drawn sigh, the wanderer opened his mouth to speak.

When he had quite finished explaining, when there was nothing else his imagination could picture, he said, "And I guess that's about all—but especially the puppy."

"I have it all written down," said Santa Claus, reassuringly, "and I'll not forget any of it. All I need to be knowing now is where to send these things. What name and address shall I be writing on them?"

THE BARE room in the police station was hushed and still. Were they listening to him or had they gone back to their own thoughts? For a second the confiding voice hesitated. But here was Santa Claus not to be put off or hindered in his work. In a voice as low and small as he could make it, the little boy told his name. Then he added the name of a street.

Slowly and carefully he hung up the receiver and turned to face the blue giants. But they were all looking uncomfortably at each other. It was quite evident that they were ashamed of the rude way they had behaved about Santa Claus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IT IS DIFFICULT to escape the conviction, after seeing "Holiday," and remembering "Paris Bound," "White Wings," and others that Philip Barry is the Lightning Bug of the Broadway stage. Now you see him, now you don't! Now he lights up; again he doesn't! As the man behind us in the theatre said, "It's the oddest play I ever saw."

We are moved to these reflections in no spirit of criticism. We know of no playright who amuses us so much as does Mr. Barry. We know in advance when we go to one of his plays, that the majority of his characters will utter magnificent fooleries and present us with entertaining and ridiculous points of view; most of which, on examination, will prove to be not so ridiculous after all, but to contain genuine ideas.

"Holiday" is no exception. In this new comedy, as in "Paris Bound," Philip Barry has hold of a distinct idea. As voiced by the head of the Seton family, the banker, it is to the effect that it is "un-American" not to want to work and make money. That this making of money, while it has satisfied Mr. Seton, has resulted only in unhappiness for every other member of his family, has no effect upon him. He sturdily clings to the idea that making money is an end in itself; and that to consider it merely as a means toward any other end is to be absurd. "Toward what end?" he can be heard dimly inquiring throughout the play. And we must confess that none of Mr. Barry's characters really give him a good answer.

It is precisely in this lack of ability to give a good answer to the problems which his characters propose that we are always most disappointed in Mr. Barry. He is so distinctly the lightning bug, until it comes to giving the answer to the conundrums he propounds. Thereupon he goes out. You don't see anything; and you even doubt whether he was ever there—until more of his entertaining dialogue comes along and you realize once more that he is lighting up all over the stage again.

Considered from the standpoint of character and dialogue "Holiday" might be said to be a combination of "White Wings" and "Paris Bound." Here are people who have original points of view, and who express their ideas in the satirical and absurd manner which such people usually employ. They are seldom earnest, almost always ironical, occasionally drunk, and in all cases educated, loquacious and possessed of good words. The sharp shift from sincerity to irony, coupled with the gift for satire and an irresistible tendency to make his characters see their own absurdities—it is these things about Mr. Barry which as in the case of the man behind us, confuse people.

The characters in "Holiday" appear to be going nowhere and to be talking about something else. They are not so difficult to understand as the people in "White Wings" were, but they are distinctly more on the "March Hare" order than were the people in "Paris Bound." They are best described perhaps by the remark of one of the characters in the play, that "people are at their most adventurous and best, anyway, when they are seventeen." Flashing immaturity could almost be said to describe Mr. Barry. No one is more able or brilliant than he in dramatic construction and in sparkling dialogue. Few are more apt to stumble when they come down to grips with their own ideas.

We are irresistibly reminded of the comparison with Robert Chambers. Most people still recollect the clever dialogue indulged in by the characters who moved through his stories. Always the plot was lighted by curious flashes of emotion and poetry, and through page after page one seemed on the verge of arriving at definite ideas. The whole thing was entertaining, even coruscating, done with a kind of romantic, social finish. And yet in the end it was disappointing. Always one felt that finally Mr. Chambers was going to come up to scratch and write a fine novel. His next story would prove his ability. But this wasn't quite the one.

To a certain extent, we feel the same way about Mr. Barry. He has all the necessary qualities except that of depth. He is even attracted by the very ideas from which genuine drama could be made. He lights them up with all the abilities we have mentioned, and then just as we are about to get down to the meat of the thing—lo, the light is out!

Perhaps it is too much to expect that one man should have everything. Possibly the very fact that Mr. Barry presents life as superficially as he does—perhaps this is part of the price he must pay for his wit and humor and magnificent absurdities. Certainly his popularity and his vogue are undeniable, and well deserved. He writes of a drawing-room which he understands, about people whom he knows, and the audiences which enjoy his work are made up of precisely these same people. Why, then, quarrel with the light comedy which he gives us and demand something more?

Well, only because we think he has it in him to do more than he does.

In the present instance, "Holiday" is distinctly worth seeing. It is exceedingly well acted, despite the fact that to us Hope Williams is a disappointment. So far as we are concerned, she has little or no emotional power, although possessing marked ability to amuse. Meanwhile, we suppose, we will have to be content with realizing that "Holiday" is for entertainment purposes only, and shows just enough signs of being built upon a definite idea to be tantalizing and not a little irritating. If you like to smile almost continuously and yet be a little uncertain just what it is all about, we would advise you to go see it.

But we cannot refrain from remarking that Mr. Barry, while laughing at Americans who make money (with no other end in view) still writes himself down as of precisely the same calibre. For in order to produce a hero who thinks there are other things worthwhile in life, and who proposes to find out about them and experience them while he is young, Mr. Barry has thought it necessary to put a man to work when he was ten years old, so that at thirty he has already earned—Mark you, earned!—his year of idleness. In other words, in order to enlist sympathy for his hero he has made him, in effect, an old man already, with twenty years of precisely the hard, honest, one hundred per cent American work behind him against which he rebels!

Such confusion of thought mars a play.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World This Week

Preparedness

AS THE HOLIDAY SEASON has approached, Congress seems to have been fading into the background of public consciousness. Not wholly. With Boulder Dam out of the way, nobody expects much progress with the legislative program on Capitol Hill until after the New Year. But still in the foreground has been the Senate's game of football with the treaty of cumbersome title—the Treaty for the Renunciation of War as a National Policy.

The Scripps-Howard newspapers have been conducting a campaign on behalf of this multilateral agreement, called for short the Kellogg Pact. They have had a poll of their readers and have reported a favorable vote of about ten to one. One or two other polls have shown a similar result. Editorial opinion throughout the country seems to be quite as nearly unanimous in approval of the treaty.

Most of those who favor the treaty want it ratified without reservation or explanation; but there are some organs of public opinion which believe that a Senate resolution, accompanying the act of ratification, to explain what the United States understands by the treaty is desirable. As it stands, they argue, it is so indefinite that almost anything can be read into it. So Senator Moses has proposed a resolution stating in effect that the treaty does not nullify the Monroe Doctrine, or commit us to the League of Nations, or involve us in any future war in Europe, in fact leaves us free to use force to defend not only our own territory but our interests. Such a resolution, it is argued, will free us from the charge of hypocrisy if we should in the future defend our rights. But such a resolution, it is answered, makes the treaty meaningless, for no nation in these days ever resorts to war except in alleged defense of its "interests." Apparently on the question of ratification without explanation the ayes have it, and by a popular majority much bigger than the Senate majority that is needed for consent.

This sentiment for peaceful means of settling international disputes is reflected also in newspaper comment on the Bolivia-Paraguay imbroglio. The fact that these two republics have resorted to force has shocked this country. Opinions differ as to whether the conflict calls for the interference of the League of Nations; but opinion is united that it does call for some kind of international action for peace. Chance, it is pointed out, made it possible for the Pan-American Conference in Washington to offer mediation. The Conference has no permanent organization to meet such emergencies, while the League of Nations has. It is much better, most newspapers in this country declare, that an inter-American dispute be settled by inter-American (or "co-American") mediation than by either a European organization or the United States alone. The coincidence was fortunate and, it is suggested, will have a good effect not only on the recalcitrant republics but on the Conference itself. It may lead to some permanent arrangement for mediation. And since the United States is not in the League of Nations it has an obligation to provide a substitute to deal with conflicts in this hemisphere.

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

The Substitute Artist

There are one or two other lessons drawn from this incident for the benefit of this country. One is that public opinion is overwhelmingly against war as an instrument of policy and that it would be a calamity for the United States not to say so by means of the Kellogg Pact. Another is that wars come quickly and we need to be prepared against them. Still another is that as Bolivia and Paraguay each regards itself as fighting in self-defense and regards the other as aggressor, so we may find ourselves at odds with some nation that we regard as aggressor in spite of the fact that it may regard itself as the victim of our aggression. We cannot serenely disregard the possibility of such a situation. In spite of a peace pact we may need cruisers.

At any rate, it is clear that the world has a greater abhorrence of war than it used to have and is better organized than it used to be to prevent it.

One of the contributions to international feeling is the airplane that levels mountains and ignores frontiers. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Wrights' first successful flight has of course furnished occasion not only for reviews of the progress of aviation but also for anticipations of what it will bring to the world as it becomes more and more air-minded.

Meantime, newspapers pour forth advice not only to individuals but also to communities to prepare against a foe, not foreign, but domestic—influenza. People who are ill themselves, or are concerned for those of their own families who are ill, have little care for foreign affairs. Recognizing this fact, editors have evidently been calling upon the medical profession for information and counsel to give to their readers. In general it is to observe the ordinary rules of health, avoid as much as possible chances of infection, take every cold seriously enough but not the influenza epidemic so seriously as to worry, and not to scatter infection by indiscriminate and unguarded sneezing and coughing.

Dry Merger

WITH THEIR EYE on the administration of Herbert Hoover, thirty-one prohibition organizations have formed a new National body to consolidate gains already won by the drys and to formulate a more aggressive program for the future. The new association is described as being in the nature of a holding corporation, and its slogan seems to be "hold everything."

Newspaper dispatches indicate that it will seek additional dry legislation and larger enforcement appropriations from the man who regards prohibition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as an "experiment noble in motive." There may be some basis for this optimism, for Senator Jones has informed the Senate that Hoover would ask for more money to enforce the dry laws. The same Senator has placed on the calendar a bill providing for stiffer sentences for offenders.

In fact, certain reorganizers have expressed criticism of the Anti-Saloon League for what they call its failure to press for more money and its willingness to rest content with existing conditions. This attitude was given by some drys as one of the reasons for creation of the new association, which intends to make its fight for more effective enforcement on economic and social grounds as well as moral ones. Whether the influence of the Anti-Salooners will wane under the new realignment remains undetermined, but there are indications that its absorption will be tantamount to elimination of this militant band of white-ribboners from our midst.

Larger appropriations for enforcement appear certain within the next few years, and the drys will thus be in the position of fighting for and winning on a sure thing. Although the Senate, by a vote of 38 to 35, defeated the move for the sum of $270,000,000 instead of a mere $13,500,000, the discussion revealed a remarkable change of sentiment. Such sincere drys as Sheppard of Texas and Barkley of Kentucky showed dissatisfaction with the present state of the "experiment." Even those who opposed the larger sum did so on the ground that the courts and other agencies are unprepared to handle the vast increase in business which even an attempt at real enforcement might bring in.

▸▸*Vestris Report*

THE REPORT of United States Commissioner F. J. O'Neill, before whom the inquiry into the loss of the Vestris was heard, has been rendered and will go before Congress for its guidance in legislation. Mr. O'Neill makes fourteen recommendations; most of them are of real importance.

The report finds fault with the conduct of the captain and officers of the ship but with no such bitterness as led Captain Jessop of the United States Navy to use the phrases "sheer stupidity" and "incompetence." He does not denounce the crew, but sums up the matter by saying: "The crew seems to have been competent, if led, but they were not properly led."

The Commissioner evidently thinks that it is "astonishing and disquieting" that the Vestris, a British vessel, trading from New York to ports non-British and non-American, should escape full examination in either country. He speaks of this as "a practice"—not as a legal necessity—and one contrary to public policy and common sense.

Among the more important of the recommendations are those which concern the amending of the antiquated salvage laws, the present excessive limitation of liability for ship-owners, the need of protecting seamen under workmen's compensation principles, the need of having the actual stability of a vessel fixed definitely before each voyage, and the value of a rule that all ocean-going ships should carry wireless. One ship without wireless was only a few miles from the Vestris when she sank.

Underwood

AN ELEVATOR TO THE SKY

Captain T. B. Slate, designer and builder of the first steam driven, all-metal dirigible, demonstrates how the metal elevator carried in the gondola will be lowered with passengers. The ship will hold itself stationary in the air, thus dispensing with the need for a mooring mast, and allowing the passengers to descend at any designated place.

▸▸*By-Products of Murder*

THE MAN who killed Arnold Rothstein, New York gambler, is still at large at this writing but the shots he fired have given the city a new Police Commissioner and put a momentary crimp in the illicit drug trade. What interests New Yorkers mainly is the police upheaval; especially as it places Grover Whalen, suave city greeter and department store executive, in one of the most difficult and insecure municipal offices. The country at large, however, will be more concerned with facts about the peddling of narcotics, as revealed by an examination of Rothstein's safety deposit boxes.

There is good reason to believe that the chief source of the murdered man's fortune was not gambling nor race horses but "dope." Twice since his death, and because it has been intimated that his papers revealed his connection with the trade, enormously valuable shipments of drugs have been seized. In a trunk customs officers found drugs valued, on a retail basis, at $2,000,000; packing cases marked "scrubbing brushes," "porcelain" and "tenpins" contained drugs valued at $3,000,000.

If the total of two rather casual seizures is $5,000,000, the annual trade in "dope" must run to astounding proportions.

▸▸*Mars Again*

AS ONE FACES the south just after nightfall three planets are simultaneously visible. Almost directly above the southern horizon is Jupiter; far to the right and about to set is dazzling Venus; while Mars is not far above the eastern horizon. Once more after about two years Mars has reached the nearest point to the earth in his orbit, and astronomers who can still find absorbing interest in the planets are turning their telescopes toward his ruddy disk—ruddy to the naked eye but often a most delicate shade of green when seen telescopically.

While our intriguing neighbor planet is nearly twice as far as it was at the time of the near approach of four years ago, there is a partial compensation in that it is higher in the heavens. Thus its light is permitted to shine almost direct instead of diagonally by a longer path through the earth's atmosphere. This means much, for it is our atmosphere, all of which lies within only a few miles of the telescope, rather than

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the millions of miles to the planet, that furnishes the chief obstacle to good visibility.

It is not unlikely that the giant 200-inch telescope, which is about to be set up in California, will shed new light on the nature of the canals and other features of the Martian surface, but such great instruments do not give results in proportion to their size for this kind of problem (for which they are not intended). Opinion among astronomers, while conservative, has been swinging within more recent years toward some of the explanations of the features of Mars described by the late Perceval Lowell of Flagstaff, Arizona, namely that the canals, whatever they are, are objective phenomena—not optical illusion. Of this there is only one real proof, but it is a good one; the canals have been photographed.

▸▸*Pre-History in Mesopotamia*

ANNOUNCEMENT that flint implements dating from the Old Stone Age have been discovered in Mesopotamia will not surprise anthropologists as much as it has apparently impressed newspaper editors. The find is important enough but it is not unique, for there is a long chain of previous finds of comparable antiquity extending from France, where it is well known they have been made at a large number of pre-historic sites, across Italy, through the Balkans, Phœnicia and the Caucasus.

Aurignacian is the term applied to cultures of the age involved in the new find, a period running back some 25,000 or 30,000 years and providing in some localities not merely flint implements but skeletal remains of the human beings who made them. In Western Europe the Aurignacians were evidently a tall race of splendid physique, who were doubtless intelligent, for their skulls were capacious in just the right place. Whether the same people extended as far as Mesopotamia, the eastern end of the chain of places mentioned above, is another question. Either they did or some other race or races had learned from them—or taught them—to make flint and occasionally bone implements in their peculiar and easily recognizable style.

The fact that Mesopotamia—Irak—is this time involved may cause confusion with the classic ancient history of that area. Here, however, an antiquity of only seven or eight thousand years is involved while the new finds may jump back three or four times as far—time for many unknown changes of race to have taken place in Mesopotamia. The situation is comparable to that in Egypt where plenty of very early prehistoric implements—ancient in terms of hundreds of thousands of years—are found, but no positive evidence of racial continuity.

▸▸*The Earth Creeps*

WHEN SCIENTISTS ANNOUNCED, several years ago, that the entire coast line of California and a sizable fraction of that State were gradually moving northward at the rate of roughly a foot a year, there was general incredibility. A similar horizontal movement of a large land area has now been revealed in Japan, and was recently described before the Imperial Academy of Japan by the noted seismologist, Imamura. This lateral displacement has taken place since the great earthquake of 1923 and amounts to twenty-six feet.

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

Aiming At Two Birds With One Stone

Ordinarily we think of land movements involving large areas as vertical. The concept of entire areas as large as States sliding laterally along weak zones in the rocks is not an easy one to grasp. Such movements sometimes take place rapidly and along a single, definite line, very visibly offsetting fences and roads a number of feet. These are, however, nearly always comparatively local phenomena. The ones mentioned, in California and Japan, are of far greater extent, and there is no way of discovering them except by the triangulation method of precise surveying. If two corners of an immense triangle, perhaps twenty-five miles on a leg, lie on one side of the supposed line of movement and the third on the other, then the angles within the triangle will be altered very slightly—this is the simple method of triangulation.

What these extensive earth movements betoken science cannot yet say; or rather there are many conjectures but little definite proof of any one of them. In general it is now being seen that the earth is a "mobile" thing, as Professor Daly of Harvard believes, and that man's assumption that its natural state is one of rest is largely a preconception resulting from the fact that as a closely observing reasoning being—that is, as a scientist—his life on earth is limited to only a hundred years; while the earth's age is something like four billion years. Such movements are therefore not abnormal.

▸▸*Reserved for Americans*

QUARRELS between American states are not the affair of Europe; they are to be settled, when necessary, as the concern of North and South Americans. That is the upshot of the border skirmishing between Bolivia and Paraguay. The League of Nations, of which both countries are members, stood ready to do anything it could and exerted its influence to ward off hostilities; it was even prepared to call a special session of its Council if the fighting should grow serious. But it was the offer of mediation tendered by the Conference of American States in Washington that the two contestants accepted. Thus war was averted. But more significant, in this case, was the evident fact that the doctrine of President Monroe outweighs the League in the American hemisphere and will continue to do so for an indefinite time.

After fighting was already under way, Bolivia ordered her forces to stop, Paraguay agreed to accept the offer of mediation from the Pan-American Conference, and Bolivia followed suit with a similar agreement. Both informed the League of their action; but it was to the inter-American gathering at Washington that they turned for good offices and investigation of the circumstances leading to warfare.

Both governments were mustering and moving troops, following the first forays at the Bolivian Fort Vanguardia and the Paraguayan Fort Boqueron, in the disputed frontier zone between them. A Bolivian airplane had dropped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four bombs on Bahia Negra, according to the Paraguayan Ministry of War. But they did not explode; and undoubtedly military tacticians will regard this as one of the horrors of modern warfare. All of the details of warlike demonstrations and military preparations, however, immediately lost what importance they possessed, upon the news that mediation had been accepted.

The principle of substituting explanations for explosions as instruments of national policy has been vindicated, to the advantage of the Briand-Kellogg Pact of Paris now before the Senate. And the diplomatic problems of the Americas have been once again emphatically reserved for Americans.

▶▶ *"Murder and Thievery"*

We have heard so much of late about "Lo, the rich Indian," that it is with surprise we now read charges of neglect and bad treatment of Indians. "Calculated murder of the bodies and thievery of the Indian wards of the Nation" is the charge made by Dr. Haven Emerson, president of the Indian Defense Association, in an address before a recent meeting of the Indian Rights Association. "The present governmental policy toward the Indian is inhumane and destructive," said Dr. Ryan of the Catholic University. "Unsanitary and unhygienic conditions," a health director asserted, made certain diseases more prevalent among Indians than whites.

These attacks centered on the Indian Bureau and on Congress. As to the former, Major General Hugh L. Scott says that the failure of the Indian Bureau to function rightly is due to politics, and that this shows itself in "personal interference of members of Congress to secure for constituents that to which they are not entitled."

There are 350,000 Indian wards of the Nation owning many millions of dollars of property, yet, if Dr. Emerson is right, they are living under deplorable conditions because the Bureau and the Government do not as trustees administer this property for the best interest of the owners.

These are severe charges, hardly credible or deserving of attention if they did not come from apparently responsible sources. If they are true, or half true, the country at large and Congress in particular should not delay full inquiry and radical action.

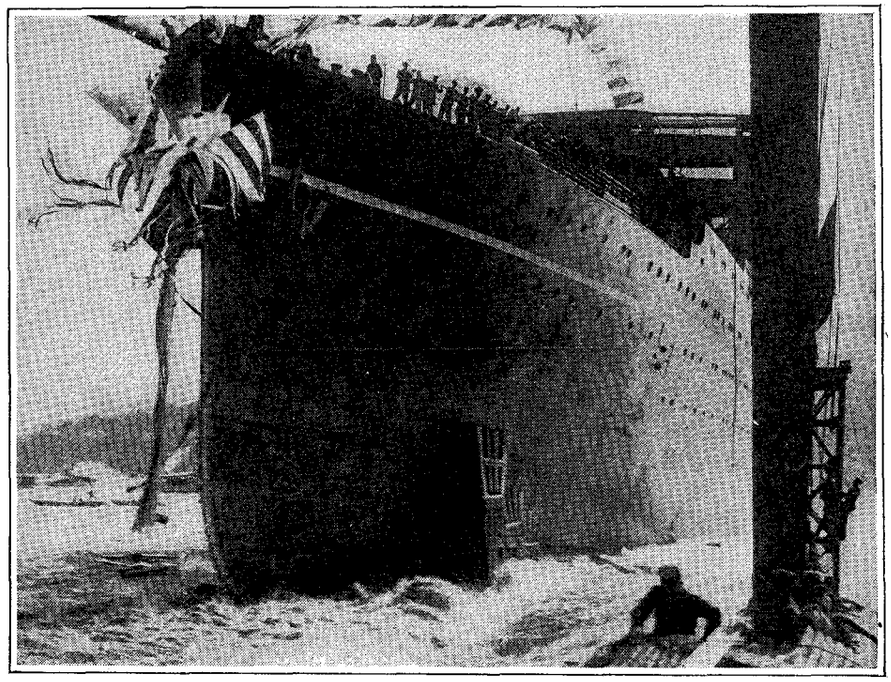
Judging the Future by the Past

One Hundred Years Ago This Week

An "Old Republican" writing to the editor in the "Morning Courier" of January 1, 1829, reminds us of the late campaign. Said he:

"It is a fact universally admitted at this time that the TAMMANY party have for years controlled, not only the elections, but *all* the legislative appointments of *profit* or *trust* in the city and county of New York. There was a period when the small number of adherents to this party, and the strength, energy and perseverance of their opponents, forced them to be discriminating in their appointments to office, and circumspect in their conduct as a party. Then it was that they were a *blessing*, not a *curse* to our city. But these times are past and the party has grown to a size which renders it unwieldy—the leaders have forgotten that, although corruption, bargain and intrigue have become familiar to their minds, the 'marrow and backbone of the party' are as they were in times when they struggled for existence."

Then we turned to the diary of a visiting Englishman, published in "Blackwood's Magazine," and quoted by the "Spectator," December 26, 1828, and—believe it or not—what troubled Englishmen in those days was America's naval program. Thus: "While the merchant navy of America is gaining so rapidly upon, and is making so near an approach to our own, it is attempted in various quarters to allay our apprehensions by the assurance that the Americans will never be able to procure seamen to man a powerful navy. We fear this assurance is entitled to but little attention. Granting that they have not impressment to resort to, they could enact laws which would be equally efficacious. A country anxious for naval glory, thirsting for aggrandisement, and to which in time of war powerful fleets are essential for preserving its commerce and protecting its shores from invasion, would readily submit to such laws, should they be found necessary. Whenever America shall possess as many merchant seamen as this country, it will be a practicable matter for her to man as many ships of war as this country. She will possess the means, and the fair probability is that she will employ them."



THE LARGEST SHIP EVER BUILT IN JAPAN

The new motor-ship Asama Maru, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Steamship Line, being launched at Nagasaki for passenger service between California and the Orient, to the accompaniment of ancient Shinto rites and modern bottle-breaking ceremonies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Power and the People

INVESTMENTS in water-power development have been protracted by the Federal Power Commission but the interests of the public therein have not been protected by the Commission. This is not the charge of one of those malcontents who believe that invested capital is always protected at the expense of the public. It is the assertion of the Federal Power Commission itself —not an admission wrung from it but a rebuke to Congress for failure to provide the means for discharging the duty which Congress itself imposed in the Federal Water-Power Act. "It has been necessary for the Commission," its annual report reads, "to leave the greater part of its duties unperformed."

The purpose of the Federal Water-Power Act was twofold—first, to encourage development of the country's latent water-power resources, and, second, to safeguard these developments in such way that excessive and fictitious construction charges would not be presented as an excuse for raising rates to consumers of current; and finally to raise the price which the Government will ultimately have to pay for repossessing its own property. Congress created the Federal Power Commission and directed it to do those things. The Commission was given no personnel but merely the privilege of borrowing a few men from three of the executive Departments. That situation has continued for eight years. The Commission has each year asked for some provision for enough men to do the work. It has never got them. Now, in its eighth annual report, it tells its story plainly —probably looking more to its effect upon the country than upon Congress.

The Act established a definite policy based upon perpetual retention in public ownership and control of power sites on public lands and power privileges in navigable waters. Licenses were to be issued for fifty years, the Government reserving the right to repossess the property by repayment of the actual expenditures necessary for development plus reasonable severance damages. "Actual, legitimate original cost" is one of the phrases used in the act in defining the basis upon which the Government is to recapture the properties—incidentally the basis of investment upon which rates are to be made.

The Commission proceeded, as directed by Congress, to issue licenses for numerous water-power developments—4,500,000 horsepower, representing $1,000,000,000. But Congress has never given it the means of employing any men to check the investments claimed by these licenses.

The Commission says of the way in which "actual, legitimate, original cost" has been piled up with no Federal official to check an item of it:

"Many projects for which applications for license are filed have been under promotion and in the process of development for many years; in some cases by individuals and in others by corporations. . . . Securities, particularly stocks, have been issued in payment for preliminary surveys, and lands and other property have been acquired in connection with the proposed development, only a part of which is finally subject to license. Not infrequently these "prelicense" claims aggregate millions of dollars, no small part of which is for interest accrued but not paid, running backward over many years and compounded to date. Records against which claims must be checked are frequently located in several States and involve not only the books of the licensee corporation but also those of affiliated corporations and of holding companies. The most difficult feature encountered, however, is the lack of records showing what has been expended, when and by whom, and for what purpose. In many instances thousands of dollars are claimed to have been expended for preliminary development and for investigations, and valuable rights, lands, and other properties have been acquired with no dependable record, and in some cases with no record at all of the items or amounts of expenditure."

Every dollar of all that hodge-podge is a potential public liability—will become an actual public liability at the termination of the license period. Even if the Commission were now given the men it needs, it would hardly be able to go back through the scrappy records of eight years and eliminate the millions of fictitious values. Unless it is now given the men it needs, the people of the United States are certain to be saddled with a tremendous load of taxation for the benefit of power promoters —that, or else surrender the public right in the country's greatest natural resource.

Remarkable Remarks

He (The President) should not do any work he can have done by others.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

A good many people in this world are willing to loaf when they ought to be at work — THOMAS C. DESMOND.

We are the most warlike people on God's green earth.—REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES P. PLUNKETT.

The people of other nations are perhaps just as good as we are. —BERNARR MCFADDEN.

Mr. Kellogg says, "Thou shalt not kill;" but he says also, "Fill your waist belt with knives and pistols." —LLOYD GEORGE.

I want to get into the American Congress. Nothing less will satisfy me.—TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

It is benevolence, charity and religion that have made New York what it is.—MAYOR WALKER.

As for promiscuous kissing, what decent girl wants to resemble a piece of rock salt licked by all kinds and conditions of passing cattle?—REV. S. PARKES CADMAN.

In marriage as in certain department stores, no mistakes are rectified after leaving the counter. —BRUNO LESSING.

Health Versus Publicity

WHEN SENATOR COPELAND suggested remodeling of the Senate chamber a few years ago so as to provide direct lighting and ventilation, the idea took among his colleagues as quickly and virulently as an influenza germ. The good doctor painted an appalling picture of Senatorial mortality, and the coincidental death of several members gave fatal substance to his argument.

Contracts were to have been let a few weeks ago, but objection has arisen in many quarters. It was belatedly pointed out that the change would mean shifting the Senate press gallery from its present fortunate location in the front of the chamber to a remote corner. It would also mean destruction of the cloakroom club space and the President's historic room, with its priceless murals and paintings of Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton. These could not be preserved, for they are done on plaster.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator McNary has moved delay pending a year's trial of the newly installed ventilating system in the House, and the recommendation seems to have appealed to the Senate Rules Committee, whose decision may be final. Though the New York Senator insists that the Senate needs more cool air—and less hot air, perhaps—and more violet rays, sentiment is growing against his plan. Not the least consideration is the realization that publicity will not be forthcoming in such volume and vividness if Senate chroniclers are deprived of present facilities for recording the deeds and declarations of the great men below them. Some members frankly admit that, as between longer lifelines and bigger headlines, they prefer the latter.

Convalescence in Europe

THREE SEMI-INVALID statesmen, Briand, Chamberlain, and Stresemann, all of them struggling for recovery from serious disturbances of health, have met at Lugano in Italian Switzerland and worked out agreements that promise an improvement in the ills of Europe. The occasion is the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations; but the conversations between the Foreign Ministers of France, Great Britain, and Germany are of much more importance.

Recently Stresemann, in a speech in Berlin, asked the Allies to evacuate more of the Rhineland. Briand and Chamberlain responded from Paris and London with warnings that nothing could be expected until Germany fulfills her obligations for war damages. Uneasiness spread over Europe, in the fear that the three big Powers were drifting away from the policy of working agreement which has ruled their relations since the Locarno arbitration conferencee. But it has appeared that each was speaking for a home political audience. At Lugano they have readily come to an understanding.

What it amounts to is a promise by France and Great Britain that the second Rhineland zone of occupation will be evacuated as soon as the new committee of financial experts completes its report on a revised plan for reparations. This committee, which it was agreed in September to form, is to draft a scheme for reparations that will set a definite term of years for German payments and so tentatively fix the total amount. Germany gains a point, in return for her assent to a final reparations plan; and the necessary step has been taken to secure German support and make it possible for the experts to meet in January, with a prospect of accomplishing something.

Diamonds in Our Back Yards

"AMERICAN DIAMONDS" sounds like a paradox. Yet there is an area in Arkansas which supplies diamonds in considerable quantities, and there is or must be an unknown area somewhere in Canada which could presumably supply them in very large quantities. This again reads something like a paradox, for no Canadian source of diamonds has ever been discovered; diamonds have, however, been found in the terminal moraine of the great ice caps which covered Canada up to a few thousand years ago and extended in a great curve from Montana on the west to Pennsylvania and Long Island on the east.

As long ago as the nineties Professor Hobbs, University of Michigan geologist, described in the "Journal of Geology" a number of such finds varying in weight from less than a carat up to fifteen carats and in areal distribution Minnesota to Indiana. In more recent years similar finds have been made farther east. In one case a 15-carat stone was picked up by a farmer's wife at the site of a well-digging and lay for years on a mantelpiece, regarded as a "lucky stone" and unrecognized because natural diamonds so little resemble cut diamonds.

Glaciologists have made numerous attempts to figure back to the course of the diamonds of the glacial drift, chiefly by means of scratches on surface rocks which reveal the direction the ice flowed in its southward journey from Canada. But the ice is known to have had two great sources, one east of Hudson Bay, one west, and the great tongues of ice from these respective sources are known to have altered more or less in their invasion of our Northern States. Thus the source area might be placed anywhere within a million square miles more or less. The prevalent assumption is that the ice picked up the diamonds from some limited area, possibly like the small but fruitful area at Kimberley in South Africa. Who will have the luck some day to find it?

Remarkable Remarks

Supporters of companionate marriage are doing nothing more or less than attempting to lower the position of woman to that of slavery.—PROF. ARTHUR J. TODD.

Human beings dislike the thought of freedom when they are not used to it.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

That the military mind is unutterably stupid is revealed by the history of diplomacy.—KIRBY PAGE.

Think of these modern dances—a boy and girl swinging around in that mad, wild impulse of animal passion! It is killing the world!—REV. I. M. HALDEMAN.

A true gentleman knows how to detach a woman's clinging fingers from his heart and pocketbook as tenderly as he would a baby's fingers from the candy.—HELEN ROWLAND.

Did you know that football is becoming about as big a nuisance as politics?—WILL ROGERS.

There is less liquor consumed in New York City in proportion to population than in any other part of the United States—REPRESENTATIVE LA GUARDIA.

The peace pact is not a mere gesture.—BISHOP WILLIAM T. MANNING.

A Long-Legged Invasion

ONCE AGAIN the Finns and Swedes, the notable distance runners, Paavo Nurmi and Edvin Wide, will be with us for the winter indoor track season. Both men come as amateurs, and this time Nurmi's connection with a local club, which is sanctioned by his governing athletic body at home, allows him to prolong his stay without consulting the Foreign Relations Committee of the A. A. U., so long as that body will visa his credentials. That he intends to take part in a long series of meets is evident from the fact that he went into strict training and active practice immediately upon his arrival, in his case covering not fewer than three or four miles three or four times a day, a schedule not likely to be followed by American distance men. Wide, too, who is here once again to study our school system as well as to run, doubtless will undertake his usual schedule of hard work. It is odd in his case that he intends to take up once

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

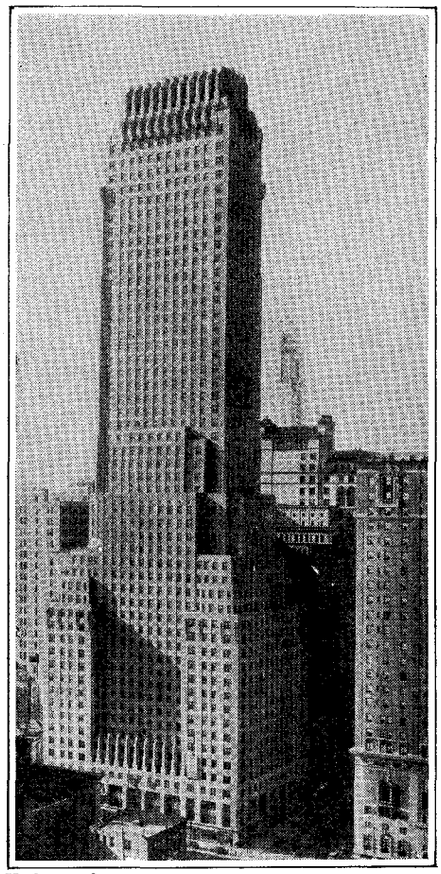
more the indoor track campaign, for after his last visit he said that it crippled his style, and that it had taken Nurmi himself close to two years to get back to his normal stride on the outdoor tracks.

However, there is much for American coaches and runners to learn from both of them. Their type of running has been copied already to some extent, but it is doubtful if any American athlete has put in the amount of work necessary really to support such a style of running. Fifteen to twenty miles a day is nothing to these foreign stars, who are chary of using the automobile in the home sector, and who at the very least trot to and from their work, and from town to town. There is a possibility that Lloyd Hahn, who beat Wide on the occasion of his last visit, at the mile distance, can be coaxed into action again, despite the fact that he had announced that he had hung up his paraphernalia for good and all. But outside of Hahn, and just possibly Leo Lermond, of the B. A. A., there is little hope of a succession of victories over the invaders. George W. Orton, who has so ably managed the Pennsylvania Relays, a meet that runs by the clock, is out with the suggestion that six-mile events be added to collegiate and intercollegiate as well as club programmes. Until that suggestion is adopted there is none too bright a future for American distance men.

▸▸*Football's Handmaiden*

THOSE who have marveled at the dexterity with which the modern young man handles that tricky plaything known officially as a "prolate spheriod," in other words a football, might well give some of the credit to the spread of basketball, a game that has achieved enormous popularity all over the country, and especially in the Middle West. No game is better calculated to rid the player of what used to be known as the "ball fear." A first-class game in its own right, basketball is the handmaiden of football, the great developer of the passing game. Notre Dame players indulge in the game in the winter, but use a football in their work every now and then, and the same proceeding is followed at many institutions in the Middle West.

Indiana is probably the geographical center of the game, where many a high school has no baseball team at all. In that State, and in some parts of Ohio, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, school and professional basketball will outdraw baseball many times over. It is an all-year game that can be played indoors and out, two games a day. Counting schools, Ohio State University, club and professional fives, the city of Columbus alone turns out more than three hundred teams, which seems incredible until one visits the Buckeye city. In the professional ranks are many players whose annual earnings match the salary of Babe Ruth, generally supposed to be the highest paid athlete outside the heavyweight boxers.



Underwood

SKYSCRAPERS MOVE UP-TOWN

The new fifty-six story Chanin Building on East 42nd Street, New York, the first in a series of skyscrapers which are rising in the Grand Central District. This is the tallest building constructed in New York since the Woolworth Building

In the Eastern sector one does not hear much about them, but the big basketball stars of the Middle West have a following comparable with that of the "Sultan of Swat." In the amateur ranks it has proved an unmixed blessing to football coaches. At West Point the football squad is pretty well split up between basketball and lacrosse. It has been found that the Canadian game builds up speed and is especially useful in body checking, which of course corresponds with blocking and interfering in football. However, practically all sports work to the further glory of the gridiron game.

▸▸*Variation on a Theme*

FOR ONCE the Crop Reporting Board of the United States Department of Agriculture has caused a slump in the cotton market with most of the cotton out of the hands of the producers and in those of speculators and spinners. Ordinarily the Board has made its highest estimate of production at picking time, slumped the market while the farmer was hauling his cotton to the gin, then reduced the estimate at the time of the final report in December and boosted the market when most of the cotton had left the farms. This year it reversed the process, increased the estimate on the final report and slumped the price to the extent of $4.50 a bale.

Producers used to berate the Board while the other set praised it. This recent action may or may not bring praises from the farmers but is likely to bring curses from the other side. One way and the other, the Board manages to hit hardest the two industries already hardest hit—farming and textile manufacture.

▸▸*Law and the Woman Worker*

THE VALUE OF LAWS meant to safeguard women in industry is upheld, we note, in a special report of the Department of Labor. This will not suit those employers who don't like the shorter work-day for women, nor those ultra-femininists who resent the suggestion that their sex needs coddling. We understand, however, that the women workers themselves favor reasonable regulation.

Some eight and a half million women are wage workers, though only a third of these are affected by the sex-protective laws. The report declares that the great majority of those affected by the new laws have not lost their jobs but have remained and are benefited by protection. In many cases it was found that far-seeing employers had adopted the requirements for safe-guarding women long before the laws were passed.

There has been no unanimity in the States as to restrictions on women workers. For instance some have for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bidden women to drive taxicabs but New York and several other States permit them to do so, and (rather surprisingly to some of us) it is stated that many women are actually driving taxis "with complete success." Anti-night-work laws generally differ widely; when applied to professional or semi-professional women they do restrict the field, so far as they are enforced; industrially they are beneficial.

It is because the laws protecting women and children as such have as a rule worked well that one now hears little of the paradox that it is an insult and injury to limit their inalienable right to work intolerable hours under wrong conditions.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

POLITICIANS who have trailed Herbert Hoover on his South American travels through Sunday rotogravure sections may as well reconcile themselves now to the familiar sight of the fat and fair-haired boy whose weakness seems to be planting himself next to "the Chief" and blotting out many square yards of palm fronds and bananas. He is George Akerson of Minneapolis, and during Hoover's term in the White House he will blot out much more than tropical scenery, but with such suavity that rejected suitors for jobs and audiences with the President will not hold it against George or his beloved master. George, who was "once a newspaperman himself," has served as Hoover's political valet and gladhander since 1925, and as the Presidential-elect party heads homeward, we hear that he has been selected to sit at the door to the great man's office in the working wing of the White House. It will be George's duty, we understand, to let the elect into the circular chamber where the President does his stuff, and keep the others out; and strange as it may seem to those who have not enjoyed a rebuff at the hands of this robust Norseman, he is as well fitted for the one as the other task.

We do not agree with those who reckon George's services so highly that they say Hoover could not have obtained the nomination without him, but the very fact that such a claim is made reveals his worth. It was George who supplied the smile, the handshake and the applesauce of which the Hoover political cupboard was so bare before 1925. He is a big, blustering chap who supplements the Quakerish Hoover much as cherubic and emotional Joe Tumulty did the austere and Cromwellian Wilson. George is a genius at meeting and missing trains, patting every back in sight, promising everything that should be promised and playing the piano. As a newspaperman in Minnesota, he contracted a friendship with Secretary Kellogg, who turned him over to Hoover when the latter had charge of the government's contribution to the sesquicentennial fiasco in Philadelphia. None of us could quite comprehend how Hoover could cotton to such a voluble and vivacious youngster as George, but he did, and fortunately so for himself. George came along at a time when Hoover needed a confidential secretary with the qualities of a press agent instead of the intellectual attainments that fitted Akerson's predecessor, Harold Phelps Stokes, for his present position as editorial writer on the "New York Times."

Quite in contrast to the scenery-effacing George is Larry Richey, who will play Cerberus to George's Charon after Hoover takes office. While George struts the bow as he ferries them into the presence, Larry will lie unseen but on guard in the crow's nest. Larry was once a member of the Secret Service, and he cannot quite overcome the traditions of the gumshoe group. He is even closer to Hoover than George, since we learn that no man living knows so many of Hoover's secrets and confidences. At the present moment, our informer on Capitol Hill tells us, Larry is acting as Hoover's minister plenipotentiary in dealing with Congressional leaders about a special session, in discussing sub-Cabinet appointments with "lame ducks" and in selecting a residence in Florida for the housing of Hoover pending his triumphal entry into Washington late in February.

Hoover's trust in this mysterious figure was born of their contact when the President-elect returned to the United States to become Food Administrator. Hoover was so struck with Richey's energy, efficiency and loyalty that he asked the stocky, dark-haired Secret Service agent to join him, and there has been no god but Hoover for Larry ever since. Let a newspaper writer criticise Hoover, and Larry is immediately on his trail if he deems the incident important or dangerous enough.

Even politicians and statesmen are not immune, we hear, from Larry's pro-Hoover propensities if he thinks the effort at conversion or conviction worth while. His services in the pre-convention campaign were invaluable. While Akerson talked big to State bosses at the front door of Hoover's political establishment, Larry talked soft and low with ward leaders who shuffled up to the back door. Between them they will surely please or punish those who try to make too free with the White House latchkey after March 4.

Thus the new faces bob up already. And there are many others. It is an efficient, ambitious and cocky crowd that hopes to ride to success with Hoover. There is, for example, Ogden L. Mills of New York, who dreams of becoming Secretary of the Treasury and using it as a stepping stone to the Senate; and William J. Donovan, another New Yorker, who modestly declines to discuss his reward, but will not turn down the Attorney-Generalship if it comes his way. Republican Franklin W. Fort of New Jersey smiles coyly when mentioned for a Cabinet post, but hastens to pour forth his ambition to become Governor of New Jersey. John Q. Tilson of Connecticut, deprived of anything more than a membership in the House because of his feud with the regular organization in his State, looks to Hoover to catapult him into the Senate. So does young Wallace White of Maine. In fact, we could continue endlessly with a list of youngsters who hope to crowd the Old Guard from the seats of the mighty.

A. F. C.

Marcus in the New York Times

A Nice Time For The Children To Be Cutting Up!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

What of This Giant's Future?

NOMINALLY the greatest dam in the world, in the Black Canyon of the Colorado, will be built primarily for flood control. Really it will be for hydroelectric power. Boulder Dam, as it was called till the site was changed from Boulder Canyon, will be one of the greatest of engineering feats; but it will be more than that. It will stand as a symbol of a problem that challenges the mental and moral resources of a free, self-governing people.

Now that the President has signed the Boulder Dam bill, the dam will some day be built and the power harnessed. The floods of the Colorado River could be controlled for a cost of $25,000,000; the dam will cost about $165,000,000. Why not, then, let the Federal Government confine itself to flood control, which is strictly its business, and let private enterprise develop the power? The dam has been opposed on the ground that power development is none of the Government's business. On the contrary, the question of Government control of the generation and distribution of electric power is National in scope.

Power companies are not confined within State boundaries. Here, for instance, are the Insull interests reaching out with one hand to use the tidal waters on the coast of Maine, and with another hand trying to seize the power now running to economic waste in the beautiful Cumberland Falls of Kentucky. No one State can cope with the task of properly controlling such companies. There is only one sovereignty wide enough to include them all, and that is the Federal Government.

Then too electric power itself ignores State lines. Generated in one State, it can turn the factory machinery, light the homes, and do the family washing in another. In some cases two or more States might jointly set up a Power Authority and thus make common cause in regulating this elusive current and its cost to their respective citizens. But with the extension of the means for distributing electricity the question of control will become more and more clearly one of the sort with which the whole Federal Union of States was designed to deal.

Huge as it will be, the Boulder Dam power plant will be the symbol of something far mightier. It is only one of a growing number of water power plants. And water power is only a minor fraction of the total electric power employed and employable. For example, three years ago it was estimated that in the States of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England all the available water power, both developed and undeveloped, amounted to about 8,100,000 horse-power, whereas the installed steam-power amounted then to 13,000,000. The possibilities of steam power in this country are practically limitless. Coal is not only a fuel, but raw material for a great variety of products. Instead of being transported at great cost, coal can be burned at the mine mouth to furnish electric current that can be transmitted at increasing distances—and that without the loss of some of its most valuable by-products. The various power stations, both water-power and steam-power, can be inter-connected. No station is too small to be used for "boosting" the current to take care of peak-loads. Purely intra-State power stations will thus become increasingly rarer. It is the linking up of such stations that provides what is commonly called superpower, and what, in the vision of such a man as Gifford Pinchot, will become a network of Giant Power.

This Titan will be either master or servant. If it becomes master, it will take its toll from the people of the country. If it becomes servant, it will, for reasonable wages, use its vast strength to take the drudgery out of labor, to lift the burden from domestic service, to bring leisure as well as efficiency to the farm. There is no one in the Nation who will not be affected by it. Not merely the factory, where it will turn the wheels of machines and supply tireless muscle to the workman, will employ this Giant Power, but also the household, where it will do the work that slaves of ancient monarchs never could have been taught to do. And wherever men till the fields or raise livestock or dig for coal or oil or metals, there Giant Power will be for service—at a price.

What price?

Shall we allow it to command what price it will?

Shall it charge in money whatever the traffic will bear? Shall it make its own conditions and let the people choose only whether to accept the conditions or forego the service? Shall it charge even the higher price of control of politics, of making the rules under which it will live and do business, of even perhaps directing the thoughts of the people, governing their speech, and moulding the minds of their children?

Or shall the people set the price? Shall they keep this Titan a submissive, even though a free and willing, servant?

Every generation has a question of this sort to answer, a problem of this sort to solve. A generation or so ago this Nation was in the midst of wrestling with that problem as it presented itself in the railway. It was paying then the penalty of past neglect in railway frauds, railway rebates, railway favoritism, railway wastefulness, railway domination of legislatures and even of courts. Less than a generation ago the people became master and the railway became servant; not at first a willing servant, but at any rate no longer master; and then the people faced the long process of ameliorating the bad consequences of their former neglect. Even today, in the O'Fallon case, for example, something of the old problem still survives and the cost of the wastefulness of the generation that is past is left for payment by the generation that now is.

Shall we let the history of the railway repeat itself in the history of Giant Power?

It is true that the problem is in some respects different. Democracy is extending itself from politics to industry. Nevertheless, government, even democratic government, cannot let control pass to any of its corporate creatures, even though they are democratic corporations. Power production and distribution is essentially monopolistic. Private initiative will still have room for free play under any intelligent system which provides for full governmental regulation and control.

Shall we not master and begin to educate this Titan, Giant Power, while it is still in its cradle?

The Editors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

The Class of '28

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

FOLLOWING a time-honored custom, and in the childish belief that somebody cares, this department presents its impressions of the cinema output for the six months just ended.

Not to keep a palpitant public in suspense let us announce forthwith that of all the pictures we have seen since last June we select the following as having made the greatest appeal to our individual taste. Having first made a list of our favorites, we shall next elaborate on our reasons for their selection, and no one can stop us.

As the best talking picture of the period, we nominate Warner Brothers' "On Trial."

Among serious silent films, our choice is Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation's "The Patriot."

From the comedies we pick Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Cameraman" as the best abdominal laugh-producer and the Fox Film Corporation's "Dry Martini" for those who prefer the sophisticated chuckle.

Of the short talking subjects, Fox's Movietone presentation of His Disarming Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain, romps away with first honors, and in the silent class the undoubted winner is U. F. A.'s "Killing the Killer."

It will be observed that both comedy choices are silent ones. This is not to say that there have been no talking comedies; it's because all talking comedies so far appear to fit best under the classification "short subjects" and this field has narrowed itself down to an elimination tournament between King Alfonso and the veteran mime, Robert Benchley, with the foreign boy getting the nod.

We choose "On Trial" as the best talking picture to date because of the superior co-ordination of its speech with its action; that is to say, we thought "On Trial" moved faster, held one's interest better and gave more notion of what the talking movie should do to overcome the scenic limitations of the theatre than did "Interference" or "The Singing Fool," both of which were fine technical jobs and to be highly recommended as entertainment. "On Trial" was directed by Archie Mayo and featured Pauline Frederick, Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Richard Tucker, Johnny Arthur, Jason Robards and Holmes Herbert.

First National's production of "The Barker" was such a fine piece of work in its silent phases that it deserves special mention.

For straight silent drama, "The Patriot" has seldom been surpassed in screen history. Ernst Lubitsch, its director, was given an absorbing plot to work with, and three great performers to carry out his ideas: Emil Jannings,

ALFONSO OF SPAIN
The first talkie King

Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor. No further doubt of Jannings's preeminence in his line could well exist after watching him steal scene after scene from one of the finest actors in Hollywood, and this in spite of the fact that Lewis Stone gave one of the best characterizations of his distinguished career.

To Fox Film Corporation's "Four Devils," directed by F. W. Murnau, we unhesitatingly award second place among silent films. This picture was voted a bore by many critics, and the "vampire" rôle played by Mary Duncan was stigmatized as overdone and old-fashioned; maybe it was. But the picture is still on Broadway as these lines are written.

Buster Keaton in "The Cameraman" put on several scenes that brought forth some of the heartiest guffaws we have ever heard from a movie audience, and another one (the one-man baseball game) that almost drew tears.

"Dry Martini," a Harry d'Arrast production, kept us fascinated and amused throughout its improbable, ribald length. It was just a politely contemptuous grimace at Paris Americans that had what we call real fun in it. Matt Moore, Albert Conti, Mary Astor, Sally Eilers, Albert Gran and John F. Dillon gave adroit performances, and the direction was swell.

This, we think, brings us to a consideration of the Movietone appearance of the King of Spain, a triumph of recording, and a chance to meet face to face one of the most engaging individuals in the world. Alfonso's little selling talk on his country and the humorous slant to his observations about things in general are among the high spots in current entertainment. In addition to its value as amusement, the film suggests to no small degree the possibilities of the talking movie as an ambassador of good will. No one hearing and seeing the personable Alfonso would be able to conceive of making war on a country that had such a good guy for its King.

"Killing the Killer" was a German subject that showed in hair-raising fashion the death battle between a mongoose and a cobra. The mongoose won, and his method of doing so was recorded in a series of some of the most remarkable motion pictures ever made. We saw this little picture three times, in different New York theatres and in each case it was greeted with gasps, shrieks and, at the end, a great storm of applause.

Among other "short subjects" the talking variety has been predominant and has included Mr. Benchley's "Treasurer's Report" and "Sex Life of the Polyp," Chic Sale in "Marching On," Billy Jones and Ernest Hare (the famous Happiness Boys of the radio), Richard Bonelli of the Chicago Opera Company, whose Pagliacci Prologue was really splendid, a standard jazz orchestra with a crazy leader named Gene Morgan and numerous others ranging from the sublime to the mediocre, and so on down.

Altogether, a period that has seen some notable advances and only one serious defect: too little Greta Garbo.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Will Hoover Do?

By RAY TUCKER

It seems fitting that we should begin the year with some thought for the next four years, politically speaking. Mr. Tucker thinks surprises are ahead. He is a Washington correspondent and he has walked and talked with the President-elect. He does not appear here, however, as an official spokesman but merely bases his conjectures on his knowledge of the man and a study of his record

WHAT kind of President will Herbert Hoover be? This is a quite natural question on the eve of a new Administration, but there are abundant reasons why public curiosity centers with even greater force upon the man who will enter the White House next March. He is not so well known as most Presidents-elect; he has been taken on trust. His record is known, but the man who made it is still an enigma. His many years abroad, his retiring disposition and the formality of his private life have kept him a stranger to his own people. Without a doubt he may be characterized as the Nation's first prodigal President.

Moreover, the circumstances of his nomination and election, as well as his record and personality, have led to more speculation concerning his policies than has preceded the elevation of recent Chief Executives. In no unfriendly spirit many are wondering what his influence will be not alone on problems of the day—prohibition, for instance—but on such diverse questions as reorganization of his somewhat stained party and America's relations with the rest of the world. On the one hand are great expectations, and on the other, even among some of his stoutest editorial supporters, is the hope that Hoover as President will be an improvement over Hoover as candidate.

These qualms arise from the kind of campaign Hoover conducted and permitted his aides to carry on. Those who were disappointed in him in October express the fear that office-seeking may have changed the man who once captured the world's imagination into a typical American politician. They profess uneasiness at the thought that he may consider himself under obligation to those who labored with more success than charity or wisdom to elect him—the political parsons, the professional drys and others who rationalized their social, racial and religious prejudices.

Hoover's friends, naturally, have a ready answer to such criticism. Granting that he may have proffered some hostages either knowingly or unwittingly, they argue that the sweeping nature of his triumph was glacial in its effect. They maintain that he will enter the White House as his own man—a people's instead of a party's President. This feeling is also to be found among some of the regular Republicans who opposed his nomination; they would have preferred to see him win by a narrower margin, thus increasing his dependence upon them and their political machinery. Quite aside from the effect of his march to the Presidency, however, there are reasons to believe that Hoover may pain and puzzle some who rallied to him so joyously, and perhaps revive the faith of those who liked not the manner of his winning. This is not to say that he will presently emerge as a Presidential paragon, or to venture a Pollyannish, post-election prediction for his Administration. It is merely a plain statement based on Hoover's known viewpoint and general philosophy as revealed in certain deeds and declarations both public and private.

ON THE SUBJECT of prohibition, for instance, genuine disappointment may be in store for those who, chiefly because they considered Governor Smith ultra-wet, chose to regard Hoover as ultra-dry. It may shock them to learn that their hero, far from being "bone dry," has never declared against modification in clear-cut terms. Nor does he place prohibition in the same high category with the Mosaic law. It is, he said, an "experiment noble in motive," and he has been a "lifelong believer in temperance." But he has never committed himself to the formula of the experiment, and never has he associated prohibition with "National temperance." In fact, there is evidence that he believes the twain shall never meet. It is clear to all who know Hoover that he would not have sanctioned legislative efforts to make America dry had he possessed the power to pass on that question ten years ago; in matters affecting nations as well as individuals he has always attained his end by co-operation rather than compulsory means.

The next President, a decade ago, spoke against provisions of the Federal Food Act that would have prevented brewing of beer, using the same considerations now advanced against prohibition. In a letter to Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, who had asked Hoover why he did not use his authority to ban beer in a further effort to conserve foodstuffs, the latter replied: "It does not appear to me that there are temperance issues involved of such tremendous moment that they outweigh the use of the reduced amount of foodstuffs in brewing, and in any event give ground for a difference in judgment as to the alternative National risks and losses which need the most careful consideration."

With beer out of reach, he explained, the country would be on a gin, whisky and brandy basis—liquors plentiful then as now, though more palatable. "The saloon," he continued, "would be left open and upon a basis of selling drinks carrying 40 to 50 per cent alcohol, with some small supplies of wine, instead of a large proportion of their customers being served with a drink of 2.75 per cent alcoholic content, and therefore, from a temperance viewpoint, very much less harmful."

Sheppard's suggestion, in Hoover's opinion, would lead to an "orgy of drunkenness" for which he, as food dictator, did not care to assume responsibility. To this admonition he appended an epigram that must now fall with devastating effect on the eardrums of the Cannons and the Stratons: "It is mighty difficult to get drunk on 2.75 beer; it will be easy enough if we force a substitution of distilled drinks for it."

IS NOT THAT same argument now advanced against prohibition and in favor of modification? Is it not likely that the man who, in the crisis of war, saw these things so clearly will be disposed to substitute facts for fanaticism? Those who know Hoover's views say he thinks it regrettable that prohibition has become so deeply imbedded in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

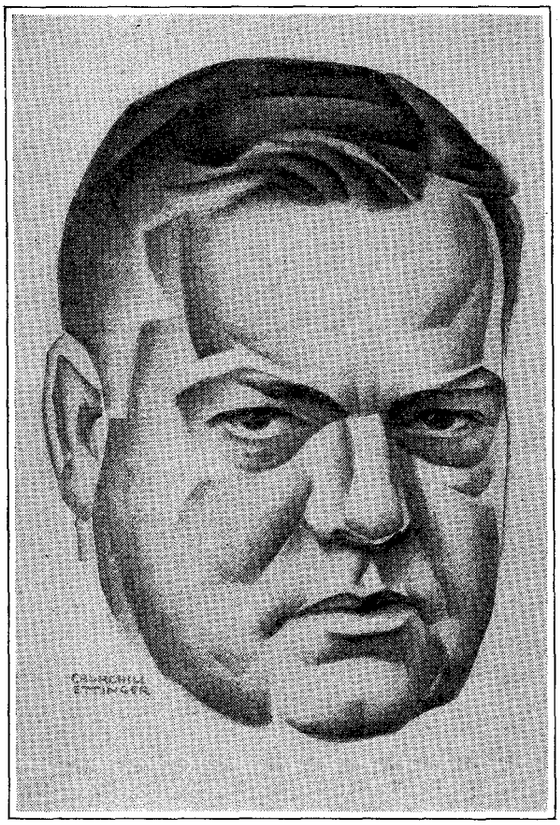
politics; to such a man, whose engineering type of mind places a premium on facts, the present stalemate must be repugnant.

So we come to Hoover's campaign pronouncements. In his address of acceptance he pledged strict enforcement, as did his wet opponent, and a searching investigation of "abuses." Besides admitting that evils had grown up around prohibition, he conceded the right of any one to advocate repeal or modification without being consigned to eternal hell fire by fanatics. Thus he brought the subject down from the Anti-Saloon League's sacred heights to a plane where it may be discussed with some sanity. What he asks is reason and a reckoning. This is almost a treasonable departure from the position of the present Administration and its cohorts in and out of Congress, which have pursued a policy that pleases neither wets nor sensible drys, and contributes nothing to the solution of the problem.

From this evidence certain conclusions are inescapable. One is that a continuance of present conditions, despite honest efforts to end them, will find Hoover a sponsor of legislation to bring the dry laws into closer accord with the facts of human nature, social progress, constitutional government, common honesty and the public welfare. He undoubtedly counts all this interminable pother about prohibition as so much misdirected manpower. Tumbling through his mind are dreams of a Nation so busily engaged in attaining progress and prosperity that he cannot conceive of the wet-and-dry controversy persisting as a churning and indigestible lump in the body politic.

This vision of a self-respecting and self-contained Nation colors not only his feeling toward prohibition but also his attitude toward many other foreign and domestic problems. President Coolidge borrowed a page from Hoover's philosophy when, in his Armistice Day address, the Chief Executive restated America's position toward the world and disarmament. Despite denials that the two conferred on the speech, it is obvious that, though the voice may have been Coolidge's the hand was Hoover's.

The President's warning of America's unwillingness to continue in the rôle of international good fellow, his abandonment of the sentimentality that has characterized some of our postwar ventures in diplomacy, his determination that we pursue our path with malice toward none but with the conviction that charity might as well begin at home—these are doctrines from the dogma that Hoover has preached with respect to debt-funding agreements, foreign loans, National defense, expansion of foreign trade and protection of the American consumer.



HERBERT HOOVER
The people have taken him on trust

For obvious reasons this phase of Hoover's record was not stressed during the campaign. But the minutes tell an enlightening story. As a member of the Debt-Funding Commission, Hoover counseled stricter terms for France than other influential members of that body thought advisable; he held out against more favorable terms than those accorded Great Britain. Earlier in the deliberations he delayed for several months Government sanction of a $100,000,000 loan to stabilize the franc on the ground that our erstwhile ally was making no serious effort to repay its war-time obligations.

cause of his work, as Secretary of Commerce, the United States is supplanting Europe as a sure-fire salesman of goods to South America. Nor did he neglect the home front. When the British sought to reap excessive profits through the operation of the Stevenson Restriction Act, it was the supposedly pro-British Hoover who organized the domestic industry and car owners in a campaign of resistance and conservation. Quaker though he be, Hoover has frequently supplied the backbone in the structure of our foreign policy, ofttimes incurring the resentment of Secretary Kellogg and eventually provoking the wrath of President Coolidge.

This was in the days when the State Department was approving loans to steady exchange in countries that would not balance their budgets, smiling on advances to sustain the Diaz government in Nicaragua and voicing no objection to the flow of funds to build up European armies and navies. At the moment, too, our Marines were commuting between the east and west coasts of Nicaragua, and a formidable American armada swung at anchor off Shanghai.

With our foreign affairs in so troubled a state, there began to appear newspaper stories that Hoover, despite his distaste for some of Kellogg's policies would become Secretary of State. Kellogg was deeply grieved, and one balmy spring afternoon the White House spokesman, with reddened visage and asperity in his tones, let it be known that even if Kellogg should resign, Hoover would *not* be his successsor. Despite this rebuke, Hoover showed that he had the courage of his convictions. In an address on foreign loans before the United States Chamber of Commerce a few weeks later, he said:

"If this principle could be adopted between nations of the world—that is, if nations would refuse to allow the lending of money for the balancing of budgets, for purposes of military equipment, or even for that type of public works that does not bring some direct or indirect productive return—a number of blessings would follow to the entire world."

When Mr. Kellogg learned of Hoover's protest against loans that might some day require American boys and bayonets to collect them, the white-

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haired Secretary shook his head angrily as he declared that this was *not* the policy of the American Government. And for eighteen months Hoover stood alone in advocacy of this wholesome and common-sense doctrine. But on Armistice Day, in words that paraphrased Hoover's, the President served notice on the world that funds to be used for militaristic expansion would henceforth fall under governmental ban. In view of this evidence, it is not an unwarranted assumption that Coolidge's chiding of European dodging on disarmament and his assertion that America would now build a navy adequate to its needs, reflect the views of the next President. Moreover, it is almost inconceivable that, in selecting the eve of a new Administration to deliver the most forceful and pointed speech of his whole career, Coolidge did not have some regard for the views of the man who will succeed him.

NOW, WHAT light does this throw on the Hoover policy? The church people, who have already expressed the hope that the Armistice Day warning was Coolidge's valedictory and not Hoover's inaugural, fear it means that the next Administration may carry chips and epaulettes on its shoulder. But that is an extreme view. It is quite likely, however, that premature strivings for a Tennysonian parliament of man will be subordinated to a program of peaceful penetration of foreign markets by American business men. Our diplomats will lay aside the big stick and courtly ambiguities as they furnish every assistance to manufacturers seeking outlets for implements of peace rather than weapons of war. Drummers will take over outposts in Latin America and the Orient now manned by Marines.

Diplomacy, under Hoover, is due for a re-orientation, not merely for purposes of commercial expansion but because of the prospects of peace that lie in establishment of these vital, everyday, trade relationships. Such a system of selling made-in-America products might conceivably mean the disarming of policies rather than battleships; it could easily bear finer fruit than all the peace parleys that have been held since the World War. Meanwhile, recognizing that far-flung trade routes require defense in event of emergency, Hoover will undoubtedly bring our naval and military establishments to a state of efficiency that can affright no nation for the reason that they will merely reach standards neglected for eight years. It will cost more money than if annual appropriations for normal upkeep had been forthcoming during the reign of economy, but Hoover is not niggardly of expenditures. There will also be an eloquent cessation of inspiring but futile dissertations on disarmament and world peace until such time as discussion of that subject again gives a throb to prime ministers as well as to commoners and charwomen.

It is in his domestic program, however, that Hoover will find keenest zest and express himself most forcibly. There must be some continuity in foreign policy, but with respect to internal affairs each President enjoys a great deal of latitude. For example, there is general belief that Hoover's attitude toward old-fashioned Republican tariffs is not quite orthodox, despite his campaign eulogies of Messrs. Aldrich, Fordney and McCumber. He recognizes that this country cannot conquer and hold new markets, particularly in South America, or collect private and public debts totalling $23,000,000,000 if it chooses to sit jingling its present store of pennies behind an unreasonably high tariff barrier. Likewise, he feels that the farm problem can best be solved by homoeopathic remedies rather than resort to political patent medicines; he dreads such a cure even more than disease. Thus, it appears, his views on these questions are not in complete accord with extremists in the Eastern and Western wings of his party.

BUT THESE traditional troubles would have little place in the America that Hoover hopes to recreate; the Nation would be so organized that they would vanish utterly. Through overhauling of the transportation system, for instance, he would strive for elimination of costly and unnecessary railroad units that now increase the economic distance between farmer and manufacturer and his markets. He would also seek reorganization of the Nation's marketing system in a serious effort to tumble down a great deal of the intricate and expensive structure of distribution that burdens every class of consumer and producer. With more than half of every dollar absorbed in intermediate charges, it is obvious that the effect of savings which touch the fundamentals of the Nation's economic life is not entirely fanciful. In the industrial sphere his program of mechanization and speculation, extended and amplified far beyond present proportions, would be counted on to place industry on a productive basis more closely approximating that of our competitors. Thus the wheels of a new America will move more merrily, for the greatest good of the greatest number, if the next President translates his theories into reality.

BUT THE CRUX of Hoover's constructive program depends upon the development of water, which he has termed "our greatest undeveloped resource." In speeches eloquent for him he has frequently pointed out that 44,000,000 horsepower can be tapped, that 18,000 miles of rivers can be utilized for one purpose or another. The uses to which he would put this power, as he outlines them, rival the rarest passages of fairy tales. He dreams of millions of acres reclaimed for food-bearing and home-building, of a far-flung system of canals from railheads in Kansas to the Gulf and the Atlantic seaboard, of generation of electrical power that will ease the lot of the laborer and help the housewife. Though he has definite ideas for dealing with the coal industry, consisting chiefly of elimination of unprofitable groups and re-establishment of the business on a healthy and honest basis, even this question sinks into insignificance by comparison with his vision of bringing to cities and countrysides a gift as miraculous as that which Prometheus stole from the skies.

To the men on Capitol Hill such projects appear as chimerical because of the years and millions they will require. Perhaps they are, but the legislators have yet to learn that Hoover plans for posterity rather than for today and its people. To members of Congress the obstacles seem insuperable and the benefits doubtful; to Hoover the difficulties are trivial and the advantages inevitable. Indeed, almost all of these ideas have been advocated by Hoover within the last eight years, but without evoking any response. President Coolidge has shown no warmth toward the suggestions of his restless and imaginative subordinate. The President has permitted Hoover to talk about them much as a father with pacifistic inclinations might let his child toy with wooden soldiers, but such projects would have cost too much money for the economical Calvin.

Opposition of a more diluted sort but of the same sullen kind Hoover may

(Please Turn to Page 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

THE NEWEST substitute for underwear and stocking silk, according to one of the super-smart magazines, is a material called "Bemberg" and made by the "American Bemberg Company." Right here let me say that my hat is off to any one who can sell frou-frous made of anything with a name like "Bemberg." It's hardly what you'd call a lascivious word, is it? Sounds more as if it ought to be trimmed with "Creo-Dipt" or "Ray-Bestos" and constructed under the supervision of an architect.

". . . . The warm curves of her figure were half-concealed, half-accentuated, by a sheer slip of delicate rose-colored Bemberg. . . ."

No, it's a trifle difficult to imagine any throbbing pulses or smoldering flames aroused by a Bemberg wearer. Any Bemberg-clad woman should be safe anywhere. And neither can I foresee a "New York Society Woman" or an Infanta of Spain solemnly testifying that she always insists on "genuine Bemberg."

Not that there is anything intrinsically wrong with the word. Certainly, it's no worse a word than "Phit-E-Z," "Winx," "Ammco" or scores of others. But what I should like to know is how on earth the company ever hit on "Bemberg" for the name of its textile. Well, I'll have a try at it anyhow:

SCENE: A Directors' Meeting in a Luxurious Board-room.

CHARACTERS: President, Vice President, Advertising Expert and other officials.

PRESIDENT: Well, men, we have completed our financing arrangements and we are now about to incorporate as a company manufacturing a very fine, lustrous imitation silk. Now have you any suggestions as to a name for our company and its product? *(Silence)*

PRESIDENT: I need hardly say that it is a pity we cannot call our textile "silk"—but no matter. What we are after is a name that will betoken not only the lofty ideals of our organization, but also give some hint of its delicate softness and beauty.

VICE PRESIDENT: Mr. President, our advertising expert, Mr. E. St. Elmo Higgins, is in the next office and I propose that we accept a name to be coined by him.

(The President sends for Mr. Higgins who enters after a brief wait.)

MR. HIGGINS: Gentlemen, this little problem of yours is like a great many others that I have solved—successfully—in my long career as an advertising man.

(The officials are plainly relieved.)

MR. HIGGINS *(continues)*: The name must possess a definite woman-customer-appeal and carry an additional flavor of retailer-interest, if you get my thought. It must attract the small-consumer as well as the Park-Avenue-Matron. It must be mysterious, e n t i c i n g — *compelling! (Pauses.)* May I say that I have devised such a name?

(Excitement and stirrings among the company officials, while Mr. Higgins smiles the shrewd smile of an expert.)

MR. HIGGINS *(continues):* My name for your material is *"Bemberg"* and the company should be known as the "American Bemberg Company"!

(Cheers and tumult)

PRESIDENT: The suggestion is carried by acclamation. Gentlemen, I move that we make a special award to Mr. Higgins, personally, for his solution of our difficulties, of $25,000.

* * * * *

THE NEXT best thing to doing not much of anything is to be the conductor of a daily "sport column." Now don't be alarmed at that "daily" feature. It sounds like a lot, I know, but all you have to do is to write a new article every day for eight or ten days and then reprint those same articles for the duration of the job. Once you get those first ten days under your belt you are all set. Here's a typical schedule:

MONDAY: Writes an article on the "ten best heavyweights of all time." Makes a list beginning with either John L. Sullivan or Jack Dempsey and explains reasons for choice.

TUESDAY: Writes an article upon the amateur status of William T. Tilden. Concludes that Tilden is, after all, an amateur in the best sense.

WEDNESDAY: Prints a lot of hot letters disagreeing with Monday's article.

THURSDAY: Prints a lot of free blurbs and forecasts furnished him by various press agents for boys like Sharkey, Maloney, Stribling and C. C. Pyle.

FRIDAY: Recounts a stirring incident of the last quarter of the Princeton-Chicago game of 1924.

SATURDAY: Announces that Monday's article has attracted so many fine letters that in all conscience he must print a few more.

SUNDAY: Writes a long article on Jack Dempsey's legs or Bobby Jones's wrists.

MONDAY: Writes an article on the ten best baseball pitchers of all time. Makes a list beginning with either Walter Johnson or Christy Mathewson and explains reasons for choice.

TUESDAY: Rehashes the All-America Football selections.

WEDNESDAY: Prints a lot of letters disagreeing with Monday's article.

THURSDAY: Begins all over again with the ten best heavyweights.

* * * * *

Sam Katz, a proprietor of the Publix theatre string, was quoted in "Variety" the other day as saying that there would be no more "servility" from the ushers in his theatres. Ushers, Mr. Katz has decided, should meet the patrons on "terms of equality."

Now it may be servility to snatch a man's coat from his arm and hoist him into it, befuddled as he is by the glitter of hundreds of brass buttons. But what, by this standard, will be "equality?" Will the overcoat problem be treated with an, "Ah, there, old fellow!" and a playful smack on the back? Or will the usher deliver a frank talk on the causes and effects of pneumonia? I don't know.

And I'm going to steer clear of the Katz ushers until I find out, too.

* * * * *

WHAT WITH the rapidly increasing numbers of "Guilds," "Leagues" and "Clubs" to select your reading for you, this writer would like to hear from any one with money to invest who might care to finance a "Book-of-the-Month-From - the - Book - of - the - Month-Clubs-Club." This should prove highly successful, as it would give the customers the most thoroughly pruned, sifted, culled, hand-picked lot of reading ever offered in the United States, if not in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polo Develops a Little Theatre

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

IT IS AN intimate sort of thing, this indoor polo, that makes sport of the winter of our discontent, and gives a real "close-up" of the galloping game. From the time these lines appear until well past the Ides of March there will be something of a furore in the armories, East, West and North—New York, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Newark, Toronto, Chicago, Springfield, Baltimore and elsewhere, centering finally on the tanbark of the Squadron A armory at Madison Avenue and Ninety-fourth Street, where the National and Intercollegiate championships will be played. There are sectional elimination tournaments which will serve to thrust out the leading teams that will go into the finals for the President's Cup, and there will be home and home games among the colleges that go in for the mounted game, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, West Point and the Pennsylvania Military College. Every Saturday night there will be a clash in all the classes in the Squadron armory, the original "little theatre" of the sport.

The progress of this "close-up" sport that none the less goes at the galloping gait, has been little short of remarkable. To the Squadron goes much of the credit for sticking to it and making a go of it at a time when the outdoor polo experts were not even willing to look upon it as so much as a little brother. Today it is a full-grown brother, and there are times when the outdoor stars discover that they have something left to learn in the way of shot making when their efforts are crowded into the small space of an armory.

From the point of view of the public, that fills up the armory seats, even on the snowy nights of midwinter, indoor polo is a game of personalities. There are favorites promoted or demoted night after night—Matthews and Vietor, two of the Squadron's troop captains, Brady and Fitzgibbon, also wearers of the Hussar uniform, Winston Guest, now leader of the Commonwealth team of Boston, and an internationalist, Forrester Clark, that whale of an all-round athlete from Harvard, Wallop, the "cowboy peer" from Wyoming, Hanley, the smallest man in polo, the little package of mounted dynamite who looks, according to his own description, when on a tall horse, like the whistle on the Mauretania, Gerald Dempsey, Arch Kinney, Dr. Blackwell, "Jerry" Smith, who persists in topping fences during the outdoor season, and has to do a hurry order job of mending his bones in time to get into action indoors, the young and husky Pflugs of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, that purple-shirted avalanche that generally manages to surge through to the finals, Arthur Borden, son of General Howard Borden, and something of a polo figure at Princeton and in the neighborhood of Rumson, New Jersey, Gerald Dempsey, originally of Boston, but now one of the salient figures in the Meadow Brook contingent, and a glittering host of other stars.

THE GAME is quite as simple for the spectator as the outdoor affair, save that in this case fouls cost a team one half point instead of an opponent's free shot for goal, and because of the restriction of space much is made of the angle shots off the boards. Indoor polo has a generalship all its own, as the outdoor experts who have tried it have found to their cost, and the numbers of the positions mean next to nothing. The motto of the game is "Hit it where you find it," which means many a scoring shot with the backhand, and turning on the ball only when one has so manœuvred as to find his opponents reining in and themselves turning. Practically any position in the arena is a scoring position or an incipient scoring position, and there has been built up around the play a form of generalship as distinct and as effective as that applied by the Meadow Brook masters to the outdoor game.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of the indoor game, considered as a preparation for the outdoor affair, is the development of Winston Guest into the successor of the mighty Devereux Milburn on America's Big Four that turned back the Argentines. It will be remembered that Guest on his big days out of doors, was anything but merely a back, that at one time or another he played all of the positions on the great outdoor four, coming through again and again into the scoring positions. Well, much of that versatility was due to his experience under the roof of the Squadron armory, where he was always an outstanding star.

There will be Argentines in action sooner or later. When Jack Nelson, who led the last invasion from the pampas, was in town, he had several conferences with Granniss that were of considerable moment to the international feature of the game. Nelson was properly enthusiastic over the indoor game, and told of a player in the Argentine who was, in his opinion, a better player indoors than the famous Lewis Lacey. In Buenos Aires there is a huge riding enclosure, but polo has been handicaped from time to time by the fact that it was open to the skies. It is to be roofed in now, and the Argentines plan a development of the indoor game along the lines of their promotion of the outdoor sport.

In Chicago and Cincinnati the game is moving so fast, and there has been such a rapid increase in the number of players, that it is possible another year that the championships will be moved into the Middle Western sector. There is no doubt that a bid will be made for them. These championships come along in March, at a time when some of the best mounts in the outdoor game, and also the players who have been wintering in Florida, the Carolinas and elsewhere, are on their way North.

IN THE meantime there will be plenty of tournaments in and around the big indoor polo centers. In addition to the Squadron, which has three or four teams in action every week end, sometimes playing twice on the same day in New York, Philadelphia and West Point, there will be tournaments held in the Eastern sector by individual organizations, such as the New York Athletic Club, and the Riding and Driving Club of Brooklyn. In the West there will be the usual elimination matches, as well as in Pennsylvania and the New England area. It has become a commonplace to say of any sport that it is in for its best season, but it is certainly true of this sport that has fought and won an uphill battle for public favor, and won it purely on its inherent merits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A CORRESPONDENT takes issue with us on our ideas for the perfect bathroom, set before you in the issue of December 5th. With danger signs in red and blue pencil he marks the spot over the tub where we intend to place a reading light. "Many persons," writes he, "have been electrocuted by touching an electric light fixture, heater or telephone while in a bathtub. What a pity this suggestion cannot be recalled!"

What he says is true. All of us have heard of these impromptu electrocutions. Some of us have lived to tell the tale of how we have been kicked across a bathroom by an angry electric light fixture which resented being touched with wet hands. But there is a very simple way of avoiding this danger, which is perhaps not so generally known as it ought to be. In our bathroom the light has a chain pull, one of the links of which is of hard rubber, so that the fixture is thoroughly insulated and no current can get through. Elsewhere we have seen chain pulls made of glass beads, which accomplish the same thing, since glass is a non-conductor.

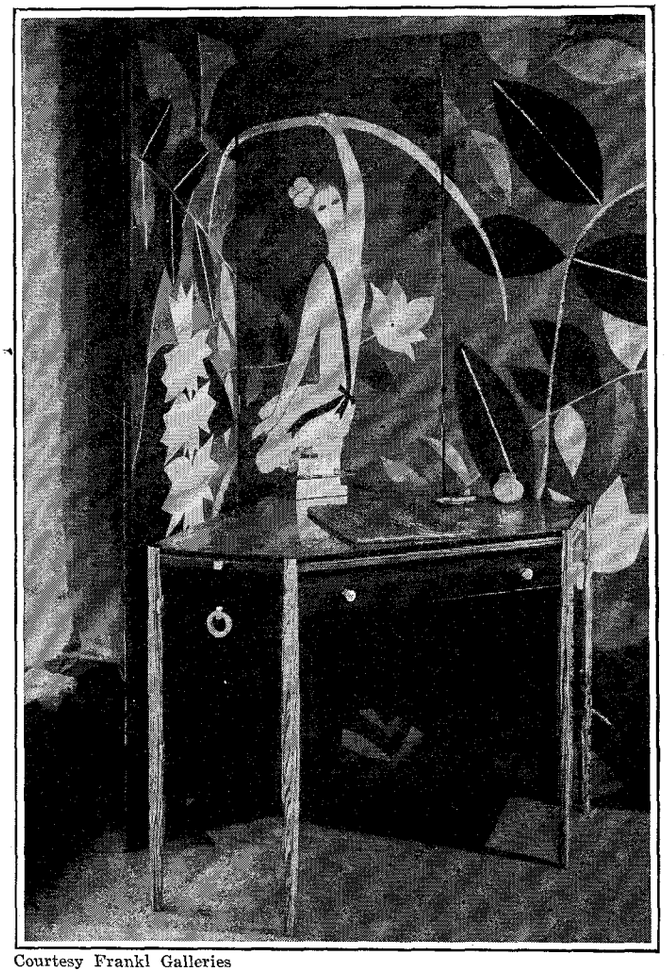
As to our correspondent's danger signs on the telephone, we can only assure him that he misread our meaning. We do not intend to have a telephone in the bathroom. We think that there ought to be one room in the house where we can be free from the solicitations of insurance and electric refrigerator salesmen, duns, and the curiosity of our friends.

And by the way, there's a reading stand for bathtub use. We haven't seen it yet, but will tell you more about it later.

THE QUIK-SEAL FOOD JAR is a useful kitchen adjunct. It has a new kind of air-tight japanned metal cover, hinged, that works with a snap catch. The jar itself is of clear glass.

Also for the kitchen are cooking pans made of Hyblum metal, which is some sort of combination of aluminum and nickel. They're fairly expensive, but they last a long time and never stain or tarnish.

THE FOLDEX ELECTRIC is a combination electric heater and stove, which has a number of uses. Open, it is a two burner stove, light in weight, which is finished in porcelain enamel. Fold the two burners together like a book and you have an efficient heater. Or you can half close it and stand it on its side in order to concentrate the heat in one direction. Foldex also makes a one burner stove which works in the same way. This latter has a sort of grill over it which permits you to make toast, or which, opened out, makes a rack on which you can place pans and dishes.



Courtesy Frankl Galleries

A Modern Writing Table

IF YOU HAVE alternating current in your home, you can have an electric chiming clock—the Revere Telechron—which plugs in on your light circuit, keeps correct time, and chimes musically at the proper intervals. You can have Westminster, Canterbury or Whittington chimes. We don't know the difference, as we haven't tried them over on our base plug, but we believe them to be melodious.

The clock is regulated direct from the power house, since its speed depends on the number of alternations of the current per second, and this is regulated by controlling the speed of the turbine, and checked by a master clock, corrected by wireless signals from the Government Observatory.

These clocks are made in both mantel and floor models —"including," says the catalogue, "the popular Grandmother designs." We don't know a great deal about clocks, but we always supposed those tall ones were called Grandfathers. Perhaps the change of sex has been for advertising purposes, to introduce a more sentimental interest, or to suggest a more dulcet chime.

A FOLDING umbrella which will fit into a specially made handbag is one of those novelties that look fairly practical. The umbrella is standard size, but folds into a 10½ inch long cylinder for which a compartment is provided at the bottom of the bag. The bags are made in various colors of leather, and in snake and lizard. The umbrella will of course go easily into an overnight case.

LEWIS and Conger has on sale a plate of semi-rigid rubber for holding potted plants. It is deep enough to hold any water that may drain through the dirt in the pot, and permits you to put potted plants around the house on polished surfaces without ruining the varnish. It isn't obtrusive in appearance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Sacco-Vanzetti Letters

The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti, edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson: Viking Press.

IN THE seven years that they lay in prison, Sacco and Vanzetti wrote hundreds of letters; Vanzetti especially found pleasure in writing, he being a better scholar than his friend and more of a philosopher. A portion of the English letters are presented in this volume, edited only to the extent of having had purely personal paragraphs, irrelevancies and repetitions excised. And to the letters are appended a brief history of the case, Sacco's and Vanzetti's speeches to the court when sentence was passed, Vanzetti's letter to Governor Fuller and his last statement.

These letters have not much literary value. There is sometimes an awkward poetry in Sacco's misuse of English, and a fitness in Vanzetti's words which, for all its pedantry, gives force to his writing. Such sentences as "Babblers count naught" to explain his unwillingness to write a "moral or political testament," and "my heart is a tabernacle where my mother, and she was brave, lives" are sturdy prose. But it is as human documents that the letters are precious. To most of us Sacco and Vanzetti have been names—names to shake the world with and to shout at heaven, but names for all that: or the sad faces in a photograph. Only to those who knew them could they be other. But with the publication of these letters that is changed. Rarely do personalities emerge so clearly from written pages. The "good shoemaker" becomes young, ardent, a lover and father, a boy "who was always hunting for find one plant of those good red rose," pleased with the verses of Carrie Jacobs Bond, proud, bitter, understanding completely the nature of his martyrdom and incapable of compromise with his principles in any attempt to alter it. The "poor fish peddler" is a student and philosopher, gentle, often humorous, childlike at times, of a sanguine temperament, more pitiful, more tolerant, *older*. Both men loved Italy, loved nature and all natural things. Their letters show much of the universal quality of tragedy, that men when they come to die, for whatever petty reason or great cause, like children reaching for a well-known hand, find comfort in the memories of youth. Sacco and Vanzetti, waiting for death, "babbled of green fields."

These letters are a vital part of the evidence for Sacco and Vanzetti. The men who wrote them might, as Vanzetti said, "have lived out their lives talking at street corners to scornful men," or they might have used sabotage in the service of the cause in which they believed, or have bombed munitions factories or assassinated czars. But they could not have committed the crime for which, officially, they were executed. Out from a dark page of our National history, their words, these letters, shine with a clear and unquenchable light. They should be read by every person in this country.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

The Hounds of God, by Raphael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin. *Not one of Sabatini's best.* The Armada and the Inquisition provide the background. Reviewed November 21.

Point Counter Point, by Aldous Huxley: Doubleday, Doran. The story of a varied group of London's semi-intellectuals. It is very long and complicated, but a brilliant piece of work. Reviewed November 21.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. A fine story of a Russian war prisoner and the lives upon which his life impinged.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier: Houghton. Mifflin. *This is a moving story of a dreamer's* search for perfection written in simple and beautiful prose.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. Reviewed December 26.

Meet General Grant, by W. E. Woodward: Liveright. Another "de-bunking" biography.

Whither Mankind, edited by Charles A. Beard: Macmillan. A symposium of "expert" opinion upon the goal of mankind and its progress toward it. Discussed briefly December 5.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

Voltaire, by Victor Thaddeus: Brentano. This is an ill-written book, commonplace and vulgar in tone and compiled from secondary sources. Reviewed November 7.

And a Novel

"Boston," by Upton Sinclair: Albert and Charles Boni.

THERE is a lot of buckshot packed into this double-barreled "historical novel." It will be no less than miraculous if Mr. Upton Sinclair is not burnt in effigy on the Boston Common before the year is out.

But many of us will offer no end of thanks to Mr. Sinclair for applying a fine-tooth comb to that imponderable and confusing litter of case documents, coming out of the seven-year inquisition of Sacco and Vanzetti, and terminating in their martyrdom. The essence of those pitiless years are woven into the story with all the perspicuity of a fine historian, and all the latitudinarian sympathies of a fine novelist.

Though the main reason for the existence of these two volumes is immediately apparent, the purely fictitious characters are as vivid and palpable as the real figures of Sacco and Vanzetti. Cornelia Thornwell, the author's major creation, is the wife of an ex-governor of the Commonwealth, who, upon the death of her illustrious spouse, yields to the first Protestant action of her life; at the fragile age of sixty she leaves the ease and affluence of the Back Bay for a job in the Plymouth Cordage Company, and a room at the Brini's, where she meets their other boarder, Vanzetti. It is through the imagined association of Cornelia with this Tolstoyan fish-peddler, that the novel rapidly and efficiently progresses, illuminating, in its course, every facet of Vanzetti's Utopian faith in the brotherhood of man, and his complete disapproval of the machinery of government. It is this improvident Italian philosopher who convinces the wife of an ex-governor that capitalism is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boa-constrictor of society. To save his reader from any possible uneasiness at any time, Mr. Sinclair hastily shifts the scene to the relatives of Cornelia, offering the pleasant contrast of their aristocratic imbecilities.

As is frequently the case in books of this sort, there are dangerous moments when the argument is too tightly loaded to admit the reader natural and easy breathing. Social manifestoes in themselves are perilous threads to embroider into the novel. Because they age so quickly, and are so soon displaced by new protestations, they may carry the novel along in their decay. That is why so few people today other than students find much pleasure in reading Kingsley's "Yeast," and "Alton Locke." Perhaps that too is the reason why the reputation of Mr. H. G. Wells is hanging fire, and may not completely recover from the stigma attached to his tireless zeal to leave the world a little better than he found it.

Mr. Sinclair is not similarly guilty of expanding a personal doctrine into a day-dream. In collaboration with "The Great Novelist who makes history" Mr. Sinclair has guarded himself against the transience of soap-box rhetoric, and the ineffectual slander of a pamphleteer. Events and facts are precious to him, and, for the most part, he sticks to them for dear life, squeezing from them their last drop of human meaning. Where condemnation is necessary he does not mince words. He spares nothing and nobody. He anathematizes everything from the streets Bostonians walk in, to the codfish balls they have for their breakfast. Yet everywhere, he seems justified,—never once unnecessarily venemous,—never once cracking his whip flippantly in the thin air for the sake of the gesture. The bruises that Mr. Sinclair has left on the body of Boston cannot be healed by a witch-doctor.

E. M. Benson.

Was Jesus a Pacifist?

Madness of War, by Harold S. Brewster: Harper.

President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech, the proposed cruiser increase in our navy, the Kellogg Peace Pact and our growing commercial rivalry with England have, in the last few months, focused the attention of our citizens upon international relations. In less pleasant phraseology, this means that the attention of the public is being turned toward the age-old crime of war. On the one hand we have preparation for it as seen in the cruiser bill, and on the other a move to abolish it, as seen in the Kellogg Treaty. It is inevitable under such circumstances that the churches should be aroused. This was quite in evidence at the recent Rochester Convention of the Federal Council of Churches. It is inevitable, too, that the old, old question of Christ's teaching upon this subject should again be debated. Was Jesus a pacifist? Must a true follower of His refuse to bear arms even in wars of defense? It is such questions as these which are discussed by the Very Reverend Harold S. Brewster, D. D., Dean of Gethsemane Cathedral in Fargo, North Dakota in a vigorous, challenging book, "Madness of War."

From "The Water Elf and the Miller's Child," written and illustrated by Margaret and Mary Baker (Duffield). The silhouette illustrations in this book revive the charm and quaintness of the silhouettes in the German picture books imported years ago

Superpatriotic Americans will not relish Dean Brewster's discussion, for he traces much of our foreign policy to the desire for gain on the part of powerful self-seeking groups. American wars, as well as European, have been waged for base motives. There was the Mexican War to increase slave territory, and our war with Spain to make Cuba safe for American sugar interests.

But super-Marxian economists will not be much more favorably impressed for the author does not advocate social revolution as the only or final solution. What he does do is to face realistically the fact that deep down in human nature there is the desire for revenge, there is blood lust and other unseemly survivals of our animal inheritance. Deep down within us there lurk those evil spirits, always waiting and ready to be called up by the war mongers.

The heart of his attack is found in his insistence that Jesus was utterly and completely opposed to all war. Dean Brewster believes that one of the two outstanding teachings of Jesus is the sinfulness of using physical compulsion to accomplish moral ends. Here, he asserts, the real meaing of the cross is to be found. Only through love and self-sacrifice can moral gains come. No matter how good and righteous the cause, methods of physical compulsion will bring but husks of achievement. Dean Brewster would call the Church to repudiate war and all its works. He minces no words: "Failure to accept the peace of God as Jesus taught it, therefore, is a collapse of faith. A Church that encourages or even condones war under any circumstances is an apostate Church. It has repudiated the Faith." And he would call the individual followers of the Prince of Peace to refuse to bear arms for any earthly consideration whatsoever.

Now, of course, this is radical teaching. Not all scholars would agree that this was the teaching of Jesus. But enough evidence can be marshaled for it to make it necessary for men and women prefessing to follow the Nazarene to weigh that evidence most carefully. The American citizen who is neither a jingo nor a Communist may well read and ponder. The old book of "Diamond on War" gives the argument for Christian pacifism in more detail, but Brewster's book is more effective in its appeal to our generation.

Edmund B. Chaffee.

Some Recent Verse

The Great Enlightenment, by Lee Wilson Dodd: Harper.

The Hamlet of A. MacLeish: Houghton, Mifflin.

Midsummer Night, by John Masefield: MacMillan.

Do these four books of poetry seem so utterly diverse because they are the work of contemporaries, or is there a growing personal quality to art which makes its various works today incom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mensurable? Probably the latter alternative is the true one and we should prepare ourselves for as many worlds of poetry as there are poets, and expect that the art of tomorrow will be author-centered and not classifiable by subject, school or form. This applies especially to "The Hamlet of Archibald Mac Leish" which is a new because purely personal tangent in poetry. It is a short book of forty-five pages largely in blank verse, made up of meditation on the outstanding moments of "Hamlet," these being indicated by brief citations in the margin or by italics in the text. MacLeish is not so foolish as to paraphrase or expand Shakespeare. Rather, the situations of the play become symbolic. Instead of Hamlet and the ghost we have Everyman and the enigmatic cosmos. The book has on its title-page, "No man living but has seen the king his father's ghost." The book is a profound statement of the ill-adjustment in man, represented by the evil charge laid on him by the past (Hamlet driven to an evil revenge). The poem expresses the pathetic revolt of the Hamlet of today against the game of life and its rules; the same Hamlet conjured up by Valèry in his "Crise de l'Esprit." The war-illumined MacLeish exposes here "the real encounter kept at night" by Everyman.

> Thou wouldst not think
> How ill all's here about my heart!

he quotes, and gives powerful and sardonic pictures of the inner life.

The title poem of Mr. Dodd's "Great Enlightenment" is likewise an original utterance, fifty pages of pungent and delightful satire on the Misbehaviorists. The scene is a good wood fire and a discourse with a pupil varied by the summoning up of the heroes of the day, representative of that wisdom which is best *because* it is latest. Neither Watson nor Santayanna nor "the Rotanian" (sic) are absent. The poet affects to put aside all antiquated idealism and sentiment, banished by the enlightenment. "Science has laid her ice-pack on my brow." The indictment and the fun have infinite relish.

> Stolid toward beauty and anaesthetized
> To all that Socrates or Plato prized,
> To all Isaiah dreamed of, Jesus knew,
> To all the ineffable bloom of life . . . .

Mr. Dodd's selected poems that follow, and the other volume we are considering are more traditional in type. The Arthurian narratives of Masefield are the work of a past master in the art. John Masefield we have here at his best, always excepting "The Everlasting Mercy" and some of the sonnets. His narrative skill so long practiced is here directed to material that challenges the convergence of all his gifts. The typical Masefield stumbling-blocks of vocabulary and rhyme have been almost entirely shed here in the high level of the themes. These tales of fate and passion mount to high moments of revery, and the note of faith we look for in this singer is clear:

> Then Arthur said: 'We have adventured far,
> And tread upon the bones of what has failed;
> The door of hell is dark until assailed,
> But every night of blackness hides a star.
> Come: even if we end,
> Courage will bring immortals to befriend,
> By whom the precipices shall be scaled
> And bolted doors forever flung ajar.'

The legend is that on Midsummer Night Arthur and his knights wake in their hall inside the downs. On one such night Masefield tells us that he walked out and came upon them and heard their speech. He describes the night:

> So perfect was the beauty, that the air
> Was like immortal presence thrilling all
> The downland with deep life:
> Presences communed in the white owl's call;
> The rampart of the hill-top stood up bare . . . .

If Masefield in this book draws still nearer to the supreme English strain of the past, yet the modern personal quality born in him of ships and the War and the downs of today definitely marks him. The fact that he goes to Arthur on a summer night of the Twentieth Century is symbolic. Our poets are increasingly personal and therein are feeling toward undiscovered worlds of matter and treatment and power.

AMOS N. WILDER.

Now the Sky, by Mark Van Doren: Albert and Charles Boni.
The Legend of Quincibald, by Leonard Bacon: Harper.
Arachne, by Amos Niven Wilder: Yale University Press.

EVENTUALLY, it is supposed, the widely divergent paths of contemporary American poetry will merge in one. Disregarding the fact that such an opinion may be a fallacy like the railroad tracks that stretch in the far distance, Mark Van Doren's new book of poems may be pointed to as an example of what the eventual goal may be like. Mr. Bacon's and Mr. Wilder's volumes represent two other tendencies in modern verse, either one of which may yet become the dominating factor in determining the new *genre*.

For the most part, the author of "Now the Sky" is the kind of poet who discovers and accurately portrays the intense emotions which lie behind everyday experiences. The moods of his verse have the power of all restrained, seemingly calm things. Great loves, irreparable losses or violent reactions are not prerequisite for such work. Poetry of this sort, simply conceived and readily understood, is remarkable for its explanation of the common phenomena of life.

At other times, the combination of Mark Van Doren's imaginative approach and his directness of expression results in poetry that is uniquely modern.

> Groper up the narrow landing
> Past the invisible voiceless clock
> Then to the left and higher again
> Till the carpet ceases, and shadows rock
> of linden leaves on the moon-white floor—
> Suddenly stop; for this is the door.
> Grasper of club and turner of handle
> And prowler as far as a darkened bed;
> Feeler of hair; and beater and beater
> and beater and beater until he is dead.

"The Legend of Quincibald" attempts to interpret life in quite another manner—intricately, with a scholarly flourish—through a succession of strange images that blend facts with fancies. Although the tensity is relieved occasionally:

(*Please Turn to Page 32*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

AS Osbert Burdett says in his preface to "The Brownings" (Houghton Mifflin), there have been numerous lives of both poets and studies of their separate works, but "the aim of this book, as the title is intended to explain, is not to combine studies, biographical and critical, of two poets in one volume, but to tell the story in which each took part, and to consider the writings of both mainly in so far as they contribute to it." The result is a work which does not trespass on that of any of Mr. Burdett's predecessors and is indispensable to all readers of Browning.

Elizabteh Barrett Browning has told her own story in her letters, amongst the finest letters in English literature, and of these Mr. Burdett has made copious and skilful use. Her courtship makes an exciting love story, in which her father plays the part of a villain who would seem incredible outside a melodrama, if the strange facts were not here to prove how emphatically he existed. By a curious coincidence both the Barrett and the Browning families were connected with slave-owning in the West Indies. Mr. Barrett was a slave-owner and Browning's grandfather had been one, and both conducted their homes as if their families were slaves. Robert Browning, fortunately, was a generation removed from the slave-owner and his own father was everything his grandfather was not.

Elizabeth's father, on the other hand, "thought himself, and probably every father, to be the Owner of his children. He understood the Bible to impose 'passive obedience, especially in the matter of the affections,' upon them, and he was fond of quoting passages from Scripture in support of this convenient view . . . He had no sense of human fellowship . . . He was an abject authoritarian. As such, he would probably have made an excellent slave himself." It was in a home thus controlled that the precocious genius of Elizabeth Barrett unfolded, and from that home Browning had to woo her—in both senses of that word. How he did it is the fascinating substance of Mr. Burdett's narrative, which becomes incidentally an illuminating study of the kind of parental authority which Samuel Butler pilloried in "The Way of All Flesh."

Elizabeth was an invalid and nothing apparently was more distressing to her father than the thought that she might get well and strong. It was months after their first letters were exchanged before she would allow Browning to come to see her, and when he first declared his love for her, she rebuked him gently but so firmly that he, in a frenzy of despair, begged for his letter back and burned it. Lying on her invalid's couch, in a room from which fresh air was banned in accordance with the superstitions of the times, she was not very propitiously situated for the development of a grand passion. Nevertheless, she inspired such a passion, and never had a lover more obstacles to overcome, in the fears of his beloved and the impossibilism of her father. How Browning finally triumphed over them all is a story as full of adventure as a romantic novel. "Her father, irreconcilable to the last, never answered her letters or mentioned her in his will."

TO MAKE the story a completely romantic love tale, the marriage turned out to be a perfect one, for the fifteen years of its duration. Aside from the normal hazards of domesticity, the marriage of two poets would seem to promise unusual opportunities for friction. With the Brownings that was not the case. She was the first and only woman in his long life; he the only man in hers. "That two human beings capable of this experience should realize it together is exceptional, that both should also be poets is doubly strange. In their life and in their work they were the complementary opposites of one another. She was feminine to the marrow, and only became a complete poet when she put her woman's response to his love into her verse. The very circumstances of her early years were the feminine counterpart of his. He had all the world before him, masculine energy and a free life. "She had ill-health, a sofa and her books only."

Although Mr. Burdett's main theme is the joint lives of the Brownings, and he has concentrated most of his attention upon this, he finds time to make a fine and fair critical estimate of their respective writings. In their lifetime Browning was known as "the husband of the poet," but in Mr. Burdett's perspective she appears very definitely as the wife of Robert Browning, whose letters are as important in any estimate of her as are the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It happens that the years of his married life were not the most productive of Browning's, but "Men and Women" belongs to that period and Mr. Burdett holds it to be "the enduring creation of Browning's genius." He was "one of the luckiest of men. His home was a very happy one. He never had to work for hire. No obstacles stood in the way of the poetry to which he devoted himself."

APART FROM the astonishing picture of Elizabeth Barrett's home, this book contains many glimpses of the Victorian era and point of view. She had always a great admiration for George Sand, but when she met her she was disappointed. As for Browning, he did not like her queer set of "the ragged Red diluted with the lower theatrical." Thackeray, in turn, was frightened by one of her poems, "Lord Walter's Wife," and, as editor of "The Cornhill," refused it on the following grounds: "In your poem, you know, there is an account of unlawful passion, felt by a man for a woman, and though you write pure doctrine, and real modesty, and pure ethics, I am sure our readers would make an outcry."

In her reply she admits that "Cornhill" readers would probably object, but she adds: "I am deeply convinced that the corruption of our society requires not shut doors and windows, but light and air; and that it is exactly because pure and prosperous women choose to ignore vice, that miserable women suffer wrong by it everywhere." As Mr. Burdett reminds us, "she was a free spirit whose 'Aurora Leigh' was thought corrupt in its day." And as a further sidelight on the period, he reminds us that, when the Brownings visited St. Peter's, crinolines were regarded as being no less immoral than are short skirts and bare arms today, and they were similarly forbidden. With that background the story of the Brownings, more especially the courtship, has the documentary interest of a case history in Early Victorianism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Robert Benchley's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield Holt

Nowhere have we ever read a clearer exposition of the difference between our two great political parties than in Mr. Benchley's article on that subject in this volume. "During the early years of our political history," he says, "the Republican Party was the Democratic Party, or, if you choose, the Democratic Party was the Republican Party. This led naturally to a lot of confusion, in the Democratic Party's getting the Republican Party's mail; so it was decided to call the Republicans 'Democrats' and be done with it. The Federalist Party (then located at what is now the corner of Broad and Walnut streets and known as 'The Swedish Nightingale') became through the process of Natural Selection and a gradual dropping off of its rudimentary tail, the Republican Party as we know it today. This makes, as prophesied earlier in this article, *two* parties, the Republicans and the Democrats. As a general rule, Republicans are more blonde than Democrats."

This is only a sample of what Mr. Benchley can do when he sets his mind to it. There is no subject which he cannot treat with insight and erudition, from African sculpture to the mitten situation, from Mr. Mencken to the problem of the used car. Every visiting foreigner should be given a copy of this book. He could get from it a far truer picture of America than he would otherwise be likely to carry away with him. We wish Mr. Benchley would write an encyclopedia.

Ferdinand Ossendowski's Slaves of the Sun Dutton

"After the publication of each book of mine," says the author in his introduction, "there supervenes a kind of restlessness among the learned. Where does the author obtain the material for his observations? Does he describe real facts, or is it only the imagination of a man of letters?" And he goes on to be quite indulgent to the learned—almost, it appears, scorning to assert that his facts are really facts. Well, we don't care much. We read travel as fiction anyway. If the traveler's account of the behavior of the lion isn't in accord with the facts, we don't worry, because we never expect to find it necessary to put knowledge thus gained to practical use. So if Ossendowski romances, what do we care? We ask only to be entertained. Unfortunately this account of a trip through Senegal, the French Sudan and the Ivory Coast didn't entertain us as much as did former works of this author. It gives an interesting picture of the postwar efforts of the French to educate the natives and develop the possibilities of the country, and it contains some incredibly interesting—no, we mean interestingly incredible—stories. But it contains also a good deal of just writing—the kind of thing we do when we have a column to fill and no particular message to deliver. And personally we don't much care about reading that sort of thing by some one else.

Doris E. Fleischman's Careers for Women Doubleday Doran

In this book, forty-three women, prominent in their businesses or professions, discuss these occupations frankly, analyzing their requirements and possibilities for the benefit of the thousands of young women who find it difficult to get any competent guidance in choosing a career. Nearly every possibility is covered—some of the less obviously feminine being architecture, engineering, law, politics, railroading and stock breeding. The advice given is made as definite and concrete as possible, and there is a pleasant lack of those windy generalities which frequently render books of this kind quite useless for any practical purpose.

J. Jefferson Farjeon's Underground Lincoln MacVeagh

A chance remark overheard in a restaurant, Brown, a cockney Quixote, speeds off into the wilds of Northumberland with two pounds nine and fourpence in his pocket to rescue a beautiful girl from an unknown peril. His quest leads him, in company with some chance met allies, to deserted Coomber House, through whose rooms resound mysterious and ghostly boomings, said by some to be the sea, by others to be supernatural manifestations. Up and down the stairs and in and out of the windows of Coomber House dash Brown and his friends and the two girls and an assorted set of villains to the accompaniment of pistol shots, thunder and lightning, screams, groans, sighs and subterranean boomings. Written with a pleasant, unforced humor, and certainly exciting enough, in spite of the twin loves that hover over it and occasionally somewhat impede the action.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 30*)

And he said to the Titan: "I am troubled by a preternatural fear."
Said Prometheus: "Yes, my brother.
You're another. That's the reason you are here."

Leonard Bacon's verse, in the aggregate, is packed too tightly. Without the author's introductory remarks, the reader would be left cold by this unusual collection of whimsicalities; even in the present form, the abundance of classical references and unpronouncable words may prove over-awing.

Amos Wilder's volume presents a similar spectacle of modern fondness for travel diaries, book names, and weighty words. "Arachne," however, is a collection of separate lyrics. Taken one by one, they are more digestible, and their emotional sincerity more apparent. "The Taj Mahal" is the best effort:

Satellite of the moon, whose lambent glances
Show its expanding cupolas from far;
Station of light in night's obscure expanses,
And correspondent of each distant star.

J. DANA TASKER.

History, Past and Future

War History of American Railroads, by Walker D. Hines: Yale University Press.

Foreign Investments, by various experts: Chicago University Press.

THESE two important books are not designed for the general reader and are mentioned here only because they are striking examples of the valuable work which American universities are now doing in the publishing field. The general reader is or ought to be interested in the influence of our universities and colleges on American history and economics.

The author of the first of these two volumes, Mr. Walker D. Hines, is a well known member of the New York bar, was for many years general counsel for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway and during the last two years of Government operation of our steam transportation was Director General of Railroads. With his practical experience of both private and pub-

(*Please Turn to Page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Youthful Killers

(*Continued from Page 6*)

environment for one young man to kill another to achieve a definite end. But in a more sophisticated civilization that young man has not been intimately connected with violence. When he breaks away from a fraternity dance to hold up a grocery store he violates the code which for the average boy would have the restraint of inexorable chains.

Dr. Brill refused to comment directly on the case of the Oglethorpe students or that of Vincent Rice. Without examination, he said, he could not approximate an accurate diagnosis. He did say this of well educated, gently reared boys who adventure devious paths: "Boys who commit crimes of the type under review are abnormal adolescents, for they are doing what their environment does not teach."

Hickman, he said, was a "sick young man, possibly a præcox case," and Loeb and Leopold he catalogued as "probably defectives." The defective is the border line case which in recent years has so often brought the alienist into the criminal courts. The præcox may develop like a normal youngster until the sharp, swift disintegration of his mind begins. The defective on the other hand, is afflicted with a more subtle type of disorder. He is still infantile in his reactions, and the frequently deceptive cast to his case history is that infantilism may well go hand in hand with great intellectuality. He is a defective because his emotions have galloped around the walls of environment and have never been harnessed to inhibition.

"No one who has had the proper environment up to the age of eight or ten commits a crime if he is normal," said Dr. Brill, flatly. "If he does commit a crime he is either defective, that is, developed intellectually and not emotionally, or he becomes 'sick,' falls victim to dementia præcox, melancholia or some other definite mental disease.

"The average environment of today teaches children early the folly of criminality. This environment does not consist alone of the home. The school is an integral part of it. So is the playground and even the policeman on the corner. The normal responds to the check and takes on the necessary inhibitions to allow him to live comfortably, securely, among his fellows."

What then has a war to do with the feverish rise of delinquency? Just this. Harsh, Rice, Hickman, Loeb were still on the other side of puberty when a Nation which held murder in horror suddenly broke out in sturdy anthems of praise for killers and killing. Formal declaration of war is too neat a point for the child mind; death after all is much the same whether it comes on a battlefield or obscurely in a dark hall bedroom.

"The boys who are killing now," said Brill, "were seven, eight, nine and ten then. They waged mimic wars with tin soldiers and they chose for hero-worship the man who had brought down fifteen enemy planes, who had bayoneted twenty foemen in a bull rush across to the waiting trench. One inhibition was swept away."

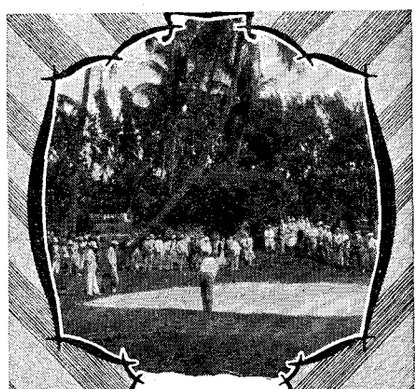
That is Dr. Brill's diagnosis, his expert testimony. One inhibition was swept away and it swept with it the Harshes, the Loebs, all the demoniacal young men. We made a war and the dam went out.

But now, unhappy as is the prospect, the future must be faced. We have not heard the last of abnormality. The casualty list will not remain static; the damage is done. What then is next? One thing is evident: we must forget our repugnance and strive for some measure of calm that will lead at least a little closer to a passionless consideration of the problem.

There is no beaten path to its solution. Whatever progress now is made must, of necessity, be trail blazing, a stumbling and slow march through a wilderness of confusion. The old routines have led nowhere—they may well be abandoned. For instance, if the stories of Harsh and Gallogly and Rice have proved anything, they have proved the worthlessness of capital punishment as a preventive of crime. Hickman went to his death in a blaze of publicity; the public was allowed to follow him on the last day from breakfast to the gallows. The front pages had chronicled his history for months. Yet Harsh was in the midst of his brief career on the day that Hickman was buried. He did not draw back. That had happened to Hickman. It could not happen to him.

That there is dissatisfaction with the present machinery of correction becomes more evident every day. One section of the country after another has sought a new approach. It is not murder in particular that must be handled with more intelligence— it is felony of every degree; and it is as a result of a realization of that fact that today in a dozen States there are corrective reforms in the process of growth that twenty years ago would have been laughed out of the legislative chambers.

(*Please Turn to Page 35*)



Fun

for Everyone —at West Palm Beach

THIS winter you will find at West Palm Beach a greater range of sport and recreation facilities than ever before—all the old ones and many that are new. The same wonderful surf bathing, golf on sporty courses . . . hunting, fishing, boating . . . aviation, motoring, cycling, afromobiling, horseback riding . . . harness racing, Big League baseball . . . tennis, roque, shuffleboard, bowling on the green, horseshoes . . . take your choice.
West Palm Beach, rebuilt, bright, colorful, is again ready to receive and entertain you. Excellent accommodations at reasonable rates. Come this winter to America's new historical city. For booklet address: G. F. Swinehart, Drawer B-58,

CITY OF
WEST PALM BEACH
- FLORIDA -

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or, while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

DIET BOOK Sent Free

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

MUSCLE SHOALS

THE WONDERSPOT OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

Great fortunes will be made here. Choice locations for investment. Payment to meet your income. Write today.

A. A. CHRISTIE
123 South Broad St. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS

FREE CATALOGS, Camps or Schools in U. S. Want for Girls or Boys? Advice, State Chartered Free Bureau.
American Schools' Association
Times Bldg., N. Y. C., or 17 N. State, Chicago
CAMPS INFORMATION

Learn Electricity In 12 Weeks by Actual Work Not correspondence—not books. Earn While You Learn. Radio and Auto Courses included. You don't need advanced education or experience. SEND AT ONCE FOR BIG, NEW, FREE BOOK!
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 19-26
500 South Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Gershwin's Latest

By EUGENE BONNER

GEORGE GERSHWIN is an extremely fortunate young man. At the age of thirty he finds himself in the position to which the average successful composer is rarely ever able to attain under the age of forty or fifty. Having at a very early age achieved a solid success in the field of musical comedy he finds himself financially able to turn his attention to the study and composition of serious music, and this in an age when the aspirant in the latter field must either have independent means or give up the game.

At the moment, this brilliant young man in addition to several musical comedy scores, has to his credit three man-sized compositions in the more austere realm of serious music, the "Rhapsody in Blue," introduced to New York by Paul Whiteman in 1923, a Concerto for piano and orchestra, played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Walter Damrosch in 1925, and "An American in Paris" which was given its première a few days ago in Carnegie Hall by the Philharmonic Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch leading the band.

It is the last-named work with which we are concerned at the moment. Mr. Gershwin wisely refrains from any attempt to classify the work under any of the more usual forms of musical nomenclature; calls it "An American in Paris" and lets it go at that. As a matter of fact "symphonic piece" would probably fill the bill.

Now while the practice of quoting to any great length the program notes supplied on such occasions is a most reprehensible habit, we find it quite impossible to resist reprinting parts of the amusing "blurb" furnished by Deems Taylor to elucidate the proceedings. According to Mr. Taylor:

"You are to imagine an American, visiting Paris, swinging down the Champs Elysées on a mild sunny morning in May or June. . . . Our American's ears being open, as well as his eyes, he notes with pleasure the sounds of the city. French taxicabs seem to amuse him particularly, a fact that the orchestra points out in a brief episode introducing four real Paris taxi horns (imported at great expense for the occasion).

"Having safely eluded the taxis, our American apparently passes the open door of a café, where if one is to believe the trombones, *La Maxixe* is still popular. Exhilarated by this reminder of the gay nineteen-hundreds he resumes his stroll through the medium of the second Walking-theme, which is announced by the clarinet in French with a strong American accent."

After several other minor adventures this American winds up somewhere over on the Left Bank. "Indeed," says Mr. Taylor, "the end of this section of the work is couched in terms so unmistak-

Underwood

GEORGE GERSHWIN

An extremely fortunate young man

ably, albeit pleasantly, blurred, as to suggest that the American is on the terrasse of a café, exploring the mysteries of an *Anise de Lozo*.

"And now the orchestra introduces an unhallowed episode. Suffice it to say that a solo violin approaches our hero (in the soprano register) and addresses him in the most charming broken English; and, his response being inaudible—or at least unintelligible—repeats the remark. This one-sided conversation continues for some little time.

"Of course, one hastens to add, it is possible that a grave injustice is being done to both author and protagonist, and that the whole episode is simply a musical transition. . . . Our hero becomes homesick. He has the blues; and if the behavior of the orchestra be any criterion, he has them very thoroughly.

"Just in the nick of time the compassionate orchestra rushes another theme to the rescue, two trumpets performing the ceremony of introduction. It is apparent that our hero must have met a compatriot; for this last theme is a noisy, cheerful, self-confident *Charleston*, without a drop of Gallic blood in its veins.

"For the moment Paris is no more; and a voluble, gusty, wise-cracking orchestra proceeds to demonstrate at some length that it's always fair weather when two Americans get together, no matter where . . . . The blues return but mitigated . . . . the orchestra in a riotous finale, decides to make a night of it. It will be great to get home, but meanwhile, this is Paris."

Now how on earth after an interpretation such as that, can any critic be expected to embark on the usual solemn analysis or discussion customary when a new work is presented for the first time. It's out and out disarming. But let us try to be serious. Gershwin has written a delightful, clever and extremely amusing little work. To look for profundities where none are intended, or to cavil at resemblances here and there which narrowly graze being quotations, would be like reproaching Beatrice Lillie for not being a Duse.

The thematic material if not of startling originality (downright trite in one instance) is quite adequate and although not developed to any very great extent, is cleverly, even expertly, handled. The orchestration throughout is pungent, witty or sentimental as the situation demands.

While Deems Taylor's narrative written to explain in detail the somewhat ribald adventures of this young scamp, is a great help in one way, we feel that it is not absolutely necessary. The music, given the title, is suggestive enough to swing its larky way along without further explanation.

Three themes termed "Walking-themes" are used in succession; then the sentimental episode (of which Mr. Taylor chooses to believe the worst) and last of all, following the "blues," comes the triumphant Charleston, sweeping on to a grand smash at the end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Youthful Killers

(Continued from Page 33)

One of the most interesting programs now under consideration is that sponsored by ex-Governor Smith of New York. It is revolutionary, but it pretends to no infallibility and is open to amendment. Briefly, it removes sentencing power from the dominion of the judges and vests it in a special State commission. Here are the salient points:

1. The jury shall determine only the guilt or innocence of the person on trial. 2. After a jury has returned a verdict of guilty the power of imposing sentence shall be in the hands of the commission, which must be created by constitutional amendment. 3. Members of the board shall include legal experts, psychiatrists and penologists devoting their entire time to the work, and receiving salaries of $25,000 a year—that is, salaries on a parity with those of the highest paid State officials. 4. This board shall determine whether a convicted felon shall go to a State prison or to an insane hospital, and shall determine length of punishment and eligibility to parole.

This plan has not been presented to the New York Legislature; Governor Smith wisely decided that its fulfillment should be approached with deliberation, and that scientists and the lay public should be allowed to study it, to test its faults and virtues, before any irrevocable steps were taken. The plan, of course, has many obvious faults. In its present vague outlines, the Commission appears ponderous, unwieldly and expensive; the creation of such a board involves grave constitutional problems. But whatever its weakness, the Smith program must be recognized by the unprejudiced observer as a step in the right direction.

California is now experimenting with revised procedure and a handful of neighboring Western States have followed suit. Some of this laboratory work in human beings is producing unsatisfactory results; much is certain of failure. The delinquent problem, nevertheless, is approached with an open mind and effort is made to pioneer in a field that for years has resisted change. One difficulty to be met up with is the clash of conflicting scientific groups—the determination of each savant that his solution and only his solution shall be considered. There is the eugenist and the endocrinologist, the Freudian and the behaviorist, the academician and the rationalist. Which to choose? Whom to believe?

There is the further complication of public demand for blanket explanation of the unusual and for blanket remedy. It is this phase of current social reform that arouses Dr. Jelliffe.

"Psychiatry must be a tentative approximation," he said. "Every human being would be more happy if he could reduce all phenomena to exact rules. Too many penologists, socioligists, even the academic psychiatrists themselves are drawing up glittering generalities and trying to reduce to a mathematical formula the intricate variance of human compulsions.

"It can't be done. You can't take the cube root of the man in the cell-room. You can't find a simple cure-all, for the reason that psychological phenomena is a complex thing. Every case must be considered individually. There is no easy road, and there will never be one."

This warning might well be carried by amplifiers to those who sit in the committee rooms of busy State capitols. They have been forced to new inquiry and they work in bewilderment, but let them remember there is no easy road, and never will be one. The pat solution, the positive remedy, should be viewed with a sour and bilious eye for, to quote Dr. Jelliffe once more, "when psychiatrists as a group proceed to formulæ and dogma they must plead guilty to Shaw's charge that every profession is a conspiracy against the public."

Things That Irritate Me

(Continued from Page 9)

alted and supreme above all mundane disturbances, with the treetops and the stars for his canopy, and the earth a shadowy floor far beneath. This gentle aerial support is distributed throughout hundreds of fine meshes, and the sole contact with the earth is through twin living boles, pulsing with swift running sap, whose lichened bark and moonlit foliage excel any tapestry of man's devising."

Probably, in the temperate zone, beds must be endured. But at least let us combat the deplorable tendency to make them all smaller and smaller and of the absurd "twin" variety. Statistics show that outdoor sports and better hygiene are increasing the stature of Americans. Meanwhile our beds keep on shrinking. Won't the American Academy of Medicine organize a drive to get us back the beds of our fathers? Then, enfreshed by sound slumber, we might better endure the things that irritate us by day.

Why Reds Rule Mexico

Published in Pamphlet Form

The series of articles appearing in recent issues of the Outlook and Independent on the Mexican situation have been published in pamphlet form by the author in response to a demand for them.

The number of enthusiastic letters of approval which the editors have received as a result of publishing this series of articles indicates that they have constituted one of the most important contributions to an understanding of present day Mexico and its relations with the United States.

Single Copies	25 cents
Five hundred Copies	$112.50
One thousand Copies	$200.00

OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT
BOOK DEPARTMENT
120 E. 16th Street, New York City

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

is prepared to offer our readers innumerable suggestions on travel.

Have You Thought of

Dude Ranches in balmy country?
Florida—Bermuda—Bahamas?
Golf in the mid-South?

CRUISES

Around the World—Java—Japan.
The Mediterranean. with its age-old civilization.

Europe, with London—Paris.—Berlin.
South America — the West Indies.
California — Hawaii — the Sunny Lands.

A letter to us will bring beautiful booklets—itineraries—all details.

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

EVA R. DIXON, Director

NEW YORK
120 East 16th Street

LONDON
14 Regent Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British and American Investors

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE Henry Ford publicity service, which may or may not consist entirely of Mr. Ford himself, functioned splendidly during the recent dispute over the allocation of shares in the new Ford Motor Company of England, Ltd. It was announced that Mr. Ford would prevent the hogging of the issue by Americans by allotting forty per cent of the shares to British applicants for small blocks.

This was good news for the lucky applicants and won Mr. Ford not only newspaper space but British good will but the inference that his plan will keep such a large percentage of the stock in British hands is absurd. The shares have and will have an open market and if Americans want more of them than they were allotted from the original issue they can easily buy them. They probably will.

Some Englishmen are frankly worried by "American penetration" and several companies have taken steps to reduce foreign ownership to a minimum. The Marconi Wireless Company, at a special meeting, voted to limit foreign stock holdings to twenty-five per cent.

Experience has shown over and over again, though, that in any civilized capitalist country, any group can buy as much of a company's stock as it wants, even a controlling interest, providing the members are willing to pay the price. The only way for the British to keep their shares out of American hands is to agree not to sell them at any price.

The Produce Exchange has just opened its floor to trading in securities which formerly had a market only "over the counter." The first two sessions saw only about 30,000 shares change hands, which was less than half of one per cent of the turnover during those days on the Stock Exchange. The experiment nevertheless will be watched with great interest.

"Over the counter" trading which is carried on over the telephone between individuals, has its disadvantages, some of which were pointed out by Timothy J. Shea, in charge of the Bureau of Securities of the New York Attorney-General's office. One of the most important is the difficulty of testing the strength of the purchasing and selling power represented by the bid and asked quotations supplied by certain houses. Another, probably even more important, is the difficulty of supervising securities. The Unlisted Securities Dealers maintain discipline among themselves but the "over the counter" market cannot possibly be as rigid in its requirements for admission as are the Stock Exchange and the Curb Market. If dubious securities are floated the only place for them is an unorganized market.

The Produce Exchange plans to attract as many reputable unlisted securities as possible, thereby affording protection to the investor and making commissions for its members. The success of the plan would be desirable in many ways. The obstacles, though, are serious. The maintenance of a broad organized market usually necessitates heavy activity and a large floating supply of the securities enjoying trading privileges. In most cases, the Produce Exchange market will have neither. Under these circumstances manipulation is sometimes dangerously easy.

These obstacles were well known to the authorities of the Produce Exchange, who for a full year studied the problems they were to face and then decided that they could be overcome. The members of the Unlisted Securities Dealers' Association are sceptical, to say the least. The public can watch with equanimity. If the experiment proves a failure the community at large will lose nothing; if it succeeds, the benefits will be widely diffused.

WITH THE firmness of the money market the only disturbing factor in the present financial situation, Wall Street has been somewhat concerned over reports from Paris that the Bank of France will convert a material portion of its enormous holdings of foreign exchange into gold.

Withdrawal of the metal from this country immediately narrows the credit base since a dollar's worth of gold is the basis for from ten to fifteen dollars of credit. This means that, unless offset by other influences, the credit supply in the United States would be reduced by from $2,000,000,000 to $3,000,000,000 if France were to buy $200,000,000 in gold here and take it home.

French banking authorities have no wish to embarrass other countries but if business in that country continues to expand the conversion of some of their exchange holdings into gold is inevitable. The Bank of France's reserve ratio is now about thirty-nine per cent, only four per cent above the legal limit.

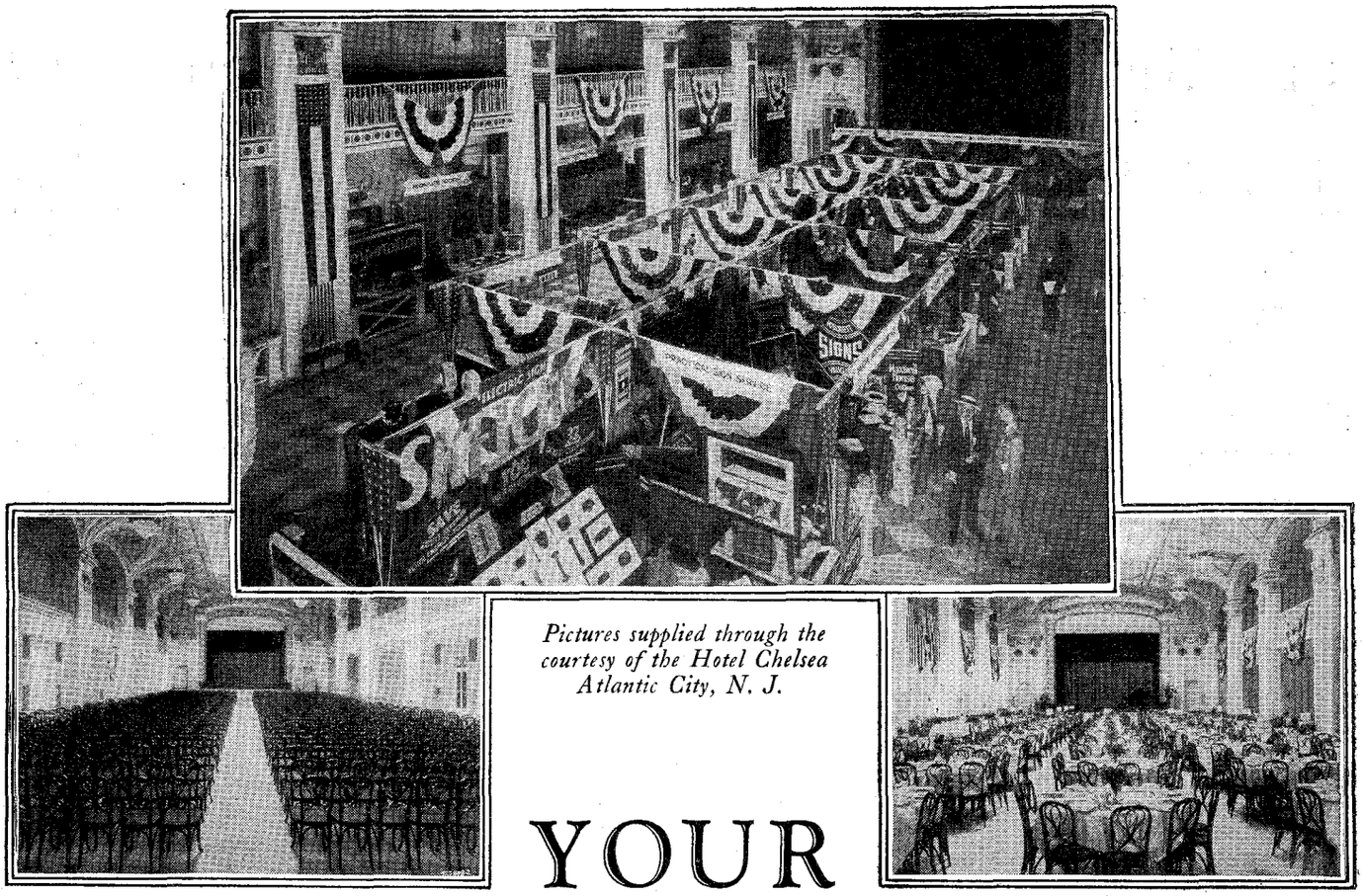
It is reassuring to know, though, that our Federal Reserve authorities could prevent any serious damage as a result of gold loss by purchases of Government securities. Such purchases have exactly the same effect on the credit market as gold imports.

Any business man and almost any Wall Street speculator is fairly well aware of the importance to him of the volume and price of credit. American industry and commerce are more efficient than they have ever been before and not the least important element in this efficiency is their economical use of credit. By skillful merchandising, by buying only to fill their immediate requirements, they are borrowing less in proportion to their turnover than at any time in their history. They have not, however, arrived at a state where they can progress without borrowing—and they never will. Plants and equipment must be expanded to meet the country's growing consumptive capacity. Usually this expansion must be accomplished by the use of borrowed money.

Some able bankers and other practical economists are fond of saying that money rates never checked business prosperity or relieved depression. This is pure hyperbole. If pinned down, they would admit that their assertion is true only within limits. An advance from four to five or perhaps six per cent in the commercial paper rate probably would not have much of an effect but it would be absurd to deny that an advance to eight or nine per cent would not block expansion that might well be carried on in an easier credit market. In other words, business responds to wide fluctuations in money rates but not to small ones.

Christmas demands for both currency and credit are largely responsible for the current stiffness of the call money market but the fundamental rates are due chiefly to four causes—the activity of business, the loss of gold since the beginning of the year, Federal Reserve policy and the demands of the market.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pictures supplied through the courtesy of the Hotel Chelsea Atlantic City, N. J.

YOUR CONVENTION

Let us plan it! The Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau is admirably equipped to arrange all the details of your next Convention. Let us:

A ❦ GRATIS ❦ SERVICE

- Make suggestions of splendid locations
- Arrange transportation, and purchase tickets
- Recommend hotels and reserve accommodations
- Reserve assembly and dining halls etc.

Address inquiries regarding Convention facilities to:

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU

120 EAST 16th STREET : NEW YORK CITY

EVA R. DIXON: TRAVEL DIRECTOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Colonel's Gift

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by ARNOLD HALL

WHILE the wind outside tossed the magnolia trees, and the warm firelight within danced along the high Southern walls, lighting up Auntie's silver hair and the handsome man in Confederate uniform above the mantel, the children begged for a story.

"Tell us about him!" cried little Sue, pointing to Uncle Will's portrait.

"Yes, yes!" echoed her brothers and sisters, and Auntie, her thin hand straying in little Will's brown curls, her old eyes glowing, told this tale.

THE COLONEL'S GIFT

As Remembered by SUE MILDRED JOHNSTON

IT was the last year of the War. We were very, very poor—really and truly poor. Not one of us had had enough food to satisfy us for a long time. Everything we could we sent to our brave soldiers who were marching many miles and fighting hard battles for us. It was the morning of my birthday. Always in years past your Uncle Will had given me some beautiful present, but this year, I knew it would be impossible.

"But he will think of me and pray for me," I thought, as I walked down to the front gate, where your uncle and I had once planted a lilac bush.

I had just stooped to touch it when I heard the sound of galloping hoofs.

"The soldiers!" I cried aloud, springing to the gate.

But it was only one soldier, a single Confederate, riding like mad.

"William dead or wounded!" I thought, "and this man is coming to tell me." My heart gave a great jump and seemed to stop—I almost wished it would, only I wanted first to know what had happened to my husband. Then the rider drew his horse to its haunches and leaning from the saddle caught me up. It was William.

After our first joy was over, your uncle looked at me with his teasing smile and said: "Guess what I've brought for your birthday?"

"Your own dear self," said I, "and that's enough."

"Don't be too sure," he answered gaily. "Look at this." And untying a large package from the saddle, he handed it to me.

I opened it. There was a baby dress, a hoop skirt, a pair of shoes, some cans of sardines and a package of chocolate—the queerest lot of gifts I had ever received. But I was happy to get them, for it had been months since I had worn anything but homespun skirts and homemade shoes, and as for chocolate and canned goods, I had seen none since the first year of the war.

"Where did you get them?" I asked, but he shook his head.

"That's a secret, and anyway, I've only time now to tell you how much I love you."

Not till then did I realize that my husband was not on furlough, but had only ridden ahead of his troops just to spend a few moments with me.

Three weeks later, a wounded soldier stopped at our gate to beg a drink of water. Every soldier of the South was a hero to me and I never let old Aunt Rose or the other darkies wait on them, but served them myself. As I went to this poor man I saw to my great joy that he wore the uniform of Will's cavalry regiment. How eagerly I questioned him and finally persuaded him to stay until he had recovered.

One day I happened to wear the hoop skirt that William had brought for my birthday. When the soldier saw it, he smiled.

"Did the Colonel ever tell you," he asked. "where he got that dress?"

"No," said I, "nor the sardines nor the chocolate. But I wish you would. I'm so curious to know."

"Why," began the soldier with a pleased smile, "it happened like this, Madam. The Colonel was ordered to harass a Federal supply train that was coming through and he made up his mind we were going to capture it—though 'twas a fair-sized army they had and we were only a handful. But one night we gave them a good surprise party and chased them away from the wagons of supplies.

"Well, Madam, at the sight of so much clothing and food, our men nearly went crazy—they broke ranks and dashed about, gathering everything they could find. The colonel got swearing mad.

"The idiots!" I heard him shout, and drawing the flat side of his sword he beat the men back into rank. It wasn't a minute too soon, for the Northern troops got over their surprise and dashed back at us in brave style. We just set spurs to our horses and galloped away over the white flour that was strewn all over the place. We hated to make such waste, Madam—but that's War. Even the horses seemed sorry, for as they flew along, every now and then some hungry beast would lick up a mouthful of flour—they hadn't had a full meal for months, poor brutes!

"We men were no better off, but all of us had filled our pockets and saddle bags with plunder and we knew that when we were safe away from the enemy that night, we'd have at least one square meal, even though we might be shot next day.

"We rode so long the boys were beginning to wonder and one big fellow from Texas said he 'gues de ku'nel wuz goin' to ride straight on into Washington and bring ole Mister Abe Lunkun back fo' to take suppah with the regiment,' when suddenly the Colonel stopped and gave the command to dismount. In about two minutes we had camp pitched and fires blazing and were laughing around the fire, enjoying the best supper we ever tasted.

"Uncle Bill—that's what we call him. Madam—seemed to be alone not eating—just thinking along by his own fire.

" 'Well, Colonel,' one of the officers asked him, 'what did you bring back from the raid?'

(*Please Turn to Page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY *for Jan. 16. Issue due on or before Dec. 31. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write*
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

Arizona

PHYSICIAN will receive into his home on Camelback Mountain, exclusive suburb of Phoenix, Arizona, a few young asthmatic or arthritic patients from 6 to 16 years. Climate unexcelled local ideal, heliotherapy at its best, out-door western life, horse-back riding. Near excellent school. Address K. W. Holmes, M.D., Camelback Mountain, Scottsdale, Arizona.

RANCHO MANZANITA

Two hours from Douglas Ariz. A hundred thousand dollar guest ranch: Beautiful and modern. Steam heat, concrete swimming pool and tennis courts. Fine riding horses. Out-door sports and recreation. All year climate. Now open. Wire or write Paul Davis Mgr Rancho Manzanita, Douglas, Ariz.

Bahama Isles

Fort Montagu Beach Hotel
NASSAU

Palatial, fireproof,—overlooking emerald seas. Every outdoor sport. No cold, shivery, winter blasts. The Beautiful, Balmy Bahamas are Isles of Perpetual June. Open December 22nd to April 6th. Details direct or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Bermuda

PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA
NOW OPEN
Same Management
Special Holiday Rates until Jan. 15
Cable Address: Princess, Bermuda
New York Office, Bermuda Hotels, (*Associated*), 250 Park Avenue.

California

Fontana Farms Inn

Restful, modern rooms and bungalows in heart of Orange Belt. Excellent meals; *very reasonable weekly and monthly rates.* Twelve miles from Riverside. For folder and reservations write to

Mrs. E. H. Bonnell, Hostess
Fontana, California

District of Columbia

HOTEL POTOMAC Washington, D. C.
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

Hotels and Resorts

England

LONDON—ENGLAND
Florence Hotel
Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park W2
Old Established High Class Family Hotel
Especially favored by people of simple tastes. Famed for quiet comfort and excellent cuisine. Situated most convenient and pleasant part of West End, few yards Hyde Park. All bedrooms with running hot and cold water. No charge baths, boots, or attendance. Moderate terms for full board or room and breakfast.

Tariff etc., direct or through Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau
Rooms Reserved Against Deposit

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury
Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms and elegant suites. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from $2.50. Illustrated Booklets from Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.
NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W. C.

DeLand, Florida

THE LEXINGTON
A winter home for a few refined tourists. Large porches. Southern exposure. Steam heated.

Georgia

OWEN HEIGHTS—ZEBULON, GEORGIA
Spend your winter in Georgia, fifty miles south of Atlanta. Lovely country home, moderate conveniences, delightful climate, excellent fare, rates reasonable. Mrs. Early Owen.

New Jersey

Pudding Stone Inn

Here, close by, but away from the whir of the town, you will find a quiet, restful inn amidst 12 acres of big trees, and where woodsy walks abound, besides comfortable rooms and excellent food. Write for booklet. Open all year. G. N. VINCENT, Boonton, N. J.

The very best New Year's Resolution to make is to determine to start the New Year Right by taking a trip to

Atlantic City

which is caressed in the winter by the attentive Gulf Stream, and by staying at

THE CHELSEA

which is Home Transplanted—right on the Boardwalk with a New Fireproof Addition—with Nightly Concerts—charming hospitality and food for epicurean tastes.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager

Hotels and Resorts

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.
Rooms With Bath Double $5—$6—$7 Single—$3—$3.50—$4
Evening dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00 Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, **Buffalo, N. Y.** Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

South Carolina

PINE FOREST INN
and Cottages
Summerville, South Carolina
Open December 31
In a private park of long leaf pine
Hunting in our own Game Preserve
Saddle Horses Perfect Motoring
2 Golf Courses, Grass Greens
Automatic Fire Sprinklers Throughout
FRANK M. HUNT, Manager

Washington

The CAMLIN, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. Blancher, Mgr.

Tours and Travel

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent
Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

EUROPE • 1929
Egypt and Palestine
Monthly Sailings - $865
Vacation Tours--Select Summer Tours
Private Motor Tours
Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.
Cruises, Mediterranean, West Indies, Bermuda
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

Tours and Travel

Try old Dr. Nature's Sunshine tonic~in
TUCSON
("Too-sŏhn")

There is always warm, dry sunshine in Tucson—better living conditions—better health and more happiness, too!

Here, from January to December, we play golf (clubs open to visitors), ride horse-back, drive our cars, camp, hunt, fish. Half-mile high Tucson is headquarters for mountain, desert and canyon trips—for excursions to old Missions, Indian villages and Old Mexico.

Oldest and largest municipal airport in the U. S. A.

Write for Sunshine Booklet, then come Rock Island or Southern Pacific. Reduced winter rates and free stop-overs on all tickets.

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

801 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.
Please send me the "*Sunshine Booklet.*"
Name_____
Address_____

Europe all EXPENSES **$300** up
The LEADING STUDENT TOURS
Cunard supremacy! 7000 satisfied guests! They are our pledge for the happiest summer of your life. Booklet P
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
551-FIFTH AVE-N.Y.C

Something Surprisingly Smart
See Europe as it really is—Varsity Motor Voyages thru France—Switzerland—Italy—are unusual—for 62 days. New York to New York $760.00 covering all expenses.
Interesting Brochure on application.
VARSITY VOYAGES
Suite 1606—Steinway Hall
113 W. 57th St., New York City

IDEAL SUMMER TOUR OF EUROPE
Small Private Party
Edward N. Reser, 171 S. Oxford St.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Help Wanted

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nationwide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work quick advancement. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suit B. G.—5842, Washington, D. C.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *(Continued)*

Situations Wanted

CAPABLE woman, education and refinement desires position as housekeeper to one or two adults. Prefer the country in middle west or north west. Good references. Disengaged after Christmas. 8822 Outlook and Independent.

GOVERNESS, companion, helper, capable, educated woman. 8820 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION to elderly lady; qualified to assume responsibility of home; dependable, tactful. Nursing experience. Considerate associations appreciated, efficient helpfulness offered. 8819 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION to lady. References from prominent New York people. American Young woman capable and willing. Free to go anywhere. Phone Endicott 9016 or write 8818 Outlook and Independent.

AN unusual opportunity to procure services of a traveled, educated woman, as companion or managing housekeeper in private home or institution or similar position requiring tact and ability. 8817 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

A Mart of the Unusual

GRAPEFRUIT, Oranges, Tangerines, Pecans; tree ripened, selected quality citrus fruit, from tree to you three or four days. For prices write Boca Ceiga Grove, Box 848, Clearwater, Fla.

42 Miles on 1 Gallon of Gas—Wonderful new Vapor Moisture Humidifier and Carbon Eliminator. *All autos. 1 furnished to test.* Critchlow, Inventor, B-132, Wheaton, Ill.

FLORIDA CITRUS FRUIT DIRECT TO CONSUMER Marmalades and fancy pecans. Complete list on request. S. L. Mitchell, *Mount Dora, Florida.*

Instruction

RUSSIAN taught by professional teacher, Imperial University graduate. Instructor in Russian at the Berlitz School of Languages. Michael Zerlitzyn, 2013 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. Tel. Harlem 5560.

The Colonel's Gift

(Continued from Page 38)

" 'The best treasure of all,' smiled the Colonel—'my men all safe and sound. But it took so much time and swearing I forgot to get even a can of sardines for my supper. But—here you all are, and I won't die of starvation before tomorrow.' "

"Well, Ma'am, I was so surprised I nearly fell off my log. Here was our Colonel, the best and bravest man in the regiment, calling us his treasure, and him a-sitting there without any supper while his precious jewels sat stuffing like Arkansas pigs. Well, the officers soon got him something to break his fast, and meantime I was going from campfire to campfire, telling the boys what I had heard.

"So when 'Uncle Bill' had gone to sleep all wrapped in his cloak, we fellows crawled on hands and knees to where he lay and each laid down a little present from the stuff we took off the train.

"Next morning after the bugle had sounded Reveille, we just forgot the Colonel was Colonel and we just privates—we crowded around him like a lot of kids around a Christmas tree and there he was, surrounded by little stacks of salmon and sardines, boots, chocolate, a hoop skirt—the one you're wearing, Ma'am—and even a baby dress. I'll never forget his face. His lips trembled and his eyes were full of tears.

" 'Thank you, boys,' he said. 'I appreciate this more than I can say. Tomorrow is my wife's birthday and I wouldn't have had a thing to give her, had it not been for the generosity of the best men in the best regiment in the world.

" 'Gee-roo-salem!' I heard the big Texan swear under his breath. 'I'd fight to hell and back fo' him. He's a man!' "

What Will Hoover Do?

(Continued from Page 24)

face from his party, both in and out of Congress. Politicians of the old school like not such soaring schemes; their bread-and-butter mentalities comprehend neither the good nor the glory. But there are signs that the G.O.P. may suffer a transformation under the ministrations of the non-political Hoover.

He will undoubtedly try to instil into it some of the decent and wide-awake ideas animating every field of human activity except politics; he may conceivably shock it by setting up other goals than the mere winning of elections. It is a fact that the Old Guard is in a stir at the present moment; it would have preferred that Hoover return to Washington to discuss patronage instead of carrying a message of good will to South America. Party hacks are shifting uneasily in their places as they note the number of Hoover hero-worshipers who are quietly supplanting or supplementing wheelhorses in many States—Ogden L. Mills in New York, Franklin W. Fort in New Jersey, Oscar Foellinger in Indiana, Mark Requa in California, Claudius Huston in Tennessee; even their Christian names differentiate them from the "Bills," "Toms," "Eds" and "Jims" of pre-Hoover days. The professionals anticipate a house-cleaning, and with good reason; it has been inaugurated in the South, where Republican-for-revenue-only leaders are rapidly losing control. This may not mean that the elephant is to be painted a glistening white, but it does indicate that the far-seeing Hoover senses the need of real concessions to a more exacting and enlightened public sentiment. If the house-cleaning is not a sudden affair, it is almost certain that it will be fairly thorough—perhaps as thorough as politics will allow.

These, then, are some of the major policies Hoover will bring with him to the Presidency. For those who fear that they may combine to create an economic and social order resembling the existence of squirrels in a cage, with much chasing of the trimmed tail of prosperity to no real end or satisfaction, it may be said that Hoover's underlying philosophy does not overemphasize material advancement. Unlike Coolidge, who seems content to define prosperity in terms of tax reductions that comparatively few enjoy, Hoover takes pains to parse it in human terms of happier and more leisurely lives for men and women, more playtime and richer educational opportunities for children; it also connotes, in his view, the emergence of an America that may some day be of greater service in those vast and noble causes to which humanity, in its finer moments, dedicates itself.

To the President-elect prosperity appears to be a means rather than an end; moreover, he seems to have fewer illusions than most of the smug and illustrious members of his party concerning the need for further diffusion of comfort and contentment. Certain it is that no good engineer builds bridges and clears the wilderness only for the sake of immediate results—there are always a road and a destination to justify the blue prints.

So, perhaps, with Hoover and prosperity.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 32)

lic railway operation no man could treat this complicated question of government with more authority. Naturally he agrees with most reasonable economists that private operation under efficient regulation is preferable to public operation except in some great emergency like the World War. His volume is one of a series on the economic and social history of that War.

The second volume before us is a series of papers or lectures, the most interesting of which, to our mind, are the chapters of Professor Gregory, of the University of London, because of his discussion of the present attitude of British public opinion towards the orthodox doctrine of Free Trade. The chapter by Henry Kittredge Norton on "Backward Countries as a Field for Investment" is political and journalistic rather than economic, but it has some timeliness in connection with Mr. Hoover's visit to Central and South America.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED